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THE

Monsorial Art Pamphlet,

CONTAINING THE

ORIGIN OF THE TRADE,

THE BUSINESS IN AMERICA AND OTHER COUNTRIES.
ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

BY

M. J. VIEIRA,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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1877.

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INTRODUCTORY.

IN publishing a work of this character I am aware that there are very many difficulties to encounter, and its success in every respect would, or will depend largely on the aid and sympathy I have, and shall receive from the fraternity at large. This support, I am happy to say, I have fully realized so far as I have gone. I am satisfied now that the "*Tonsorial Art Pamphlet*" will meet the approbation, not only of the fraternity, but of the general public.

First of all, the barber will find the *Pamphlet* a mine of information, and, if he profit by the effort of the author to entertain and instruct, he will soon discover that he stands on a higher strata of the social globe than he at any time before conceived. None are so wise but that they may learn, and the barber is no exception—the author includes himself. I am confident that after having digested the *Pamphlet* you will prize it above all former instructors.

Second, Hair dressers will soon discover that the *Tonsorial Art Pamphlet* contains much information for them, and will enable them to lighten their burdens, and at the same time the better please their customers. In fact men of every branch of business will learn, from perusing its pages, much that will tend to beautify and make life enjoyable under all circumstances.

The commercial traveler will take kindly to the *Pamphlet*, because he will find much jotted down upon its pages that will interest him, and in which he himself is deeply interested. He would as soon forget his "bag" of samples as his book. In his book he can learn what barbers on his route understand the art to perfection. No class of men patronize the barber and hair dresser more, unless it be actors, than the commer-

cial traveler, and they are another class who appreciate the luxury of a good shave and smooth, neat cut.

The railroad men will find the *Tonsorial Art Pamphlet* very valuable. As an entertainment it will prove a success; as a mine from whose depths can be drawn much valuable ore the *Pamphlet* will be held invaluable. Railroad men make their toilet "on the rail," going at a speed of thirty-five miles per hour, and by the aid of this little book much unnecessary trouble can be avoided, and a more satisfactory result can be reached than could be obtained without its assistance. I am confident that this very numerous class of our public men will hail the advent of this little work with unfeigned pleasure.

Mothers will hold the *Tonsorial Art Pamphlet* as an indispensable friend. In it they will find invaluable information that will teach them to avoid many evils connected with the toilet of themselves and children. Thousands of evils cling to the toilet, which in later years lead to the disfiguration of what was once a beautiful face, and mothers should guard against such silent and seemingly inoffensive evils.

I have gathered the gems from every city, clime and country—truths that, if heeded and treasured up, will be of invaluable worth to the readers of this little work. The East, South, North and West have contributed to our storehouse of diamonds, and I give them to the world compact and in their originality.

The knowledge gained through extensive travel, close observance of man and his peculiarities, and a life-long practice in the business of barbering and hair manufacturing, enables me to offer to the public and the fraternity in particular, much useful information, which I have endeavored to present to my readers in the most concise manner possible. In compiling this work, it has been my aim to make it at once entertaining and instructive, for which purpose I have taken great pains and spared no expense to gather all the information relative to the origin and growth of this branch of industry.

This being the first connected history of the "Tonsorial Art" ever published, its advent, I feel confident, will be hailed with delight by the members of the fraternity, and its pages not be wanting in interest to the general public.

THE AUTHOR.

TONSORIAL.

PART FIRST.

There are thousands of intelligent people in this and other countries who come in contact once in a while with the word Tonsorial, and do not comprehend its meaning. As it is a Latin word it is not very common, therefore seldom used unless in connection with the trade it represents or signifies. The word Tonsorial is from the Latin word *Tonsura*. Its meaning or signification is cutting, clipping, trimming with shears, or cut with a razor. In the French language it is called *Tonsure*. In Spanish and Portuguese it is *Tonsura*, as in Latin.

THE CUSTOM OF SHAVING THE BEARD.

The beard has always been considered as a mark of wisdom, and among the Oriental nations especially has been highly prized. The Persian Cadi would hardly venture to sit on the judgment throne with a shorn face. "By the beard of the Prophet," is to-day one of the strongest invocations that Mussulmans ever use. And though the practice of shaving was not carried out to the full extent that it is to-day, the barber flourished at the most remote ages; though compelled by the fashion to leave the face untouched, he found ample occupation for his skill and talents in dressing and cutting hair. A passage in the Scripture occurs in Ezckiel v, 1, "And thou son of man, take

thee a barber's razor and cause it to pass upon thine head and upon thy beard." It is a rather curious passage, as it is an absolute act of deprivation, but its signification may be consistent nevertheless.

By whose decrees our sinful souls to save;
No Sunday tankards foam, no barber shave.—*Byron.*

The occupation of barber is an institution of civilized life, and is only known among the nations that have made a certain progress in civilization.

The custom of shaving the beard was introduced into Greece from the East. Plutarch says that it originated, doubtless, on account of the warriors in battle not wishing to be pulled by the beard as it grew to unreasonable length. Doubtless some had very tender skin and could not bear any considerable amount of pulling. This was no doubt the main cause of the introduction of the art.

The Jews, by their Scriptural law, were enjoined not to shave. The Romans shaved, and so did their immediate successors, the Romanized Britons. The Saxons and Danes did not shave, and wore long hair. The Normans shaved, but they too adopted long hair as a fashion, and from them, and the more modern French, the courtiers and cavaliers of the 17th century adopted the practice of wearing those flowing, loving-locks which excited the ire of the Puritan.

In the Roman Catholic Church the first ceremony for devoting a person to the service of God and the church, the first degree of the clericate given by a Bishop, consists of cutting or shaving the hair from a circular space on the crown of the head, with prayer and benediction; hence the entrance and admission into the holy order. It is the corona or crown which the priests wear as a mark of their order and rank in the church. This custom, how-

ever, is adopted only in Europe from the ancient custom of the East.

There is nothing said of barbers at Rome till about the year A. D. 454; but there, as elsewhere, when once introduced they became men of great notoriety and their shops were the resort of all the loungers and newsmongers in the city; hence they are alluded to by Horace as the most accurately informed in all the minute history both of families and State. Peter de Borse, a French barber, surrendered the razor and shears to fill the responsible position of Prime Minister to Philip the Bold of France; stepping as it were from the gutter into the shadow of the throne; proving to the king a valuable counselor, for under his direction the Ship of State was guided safely through a dangerous political sea.

In early times the operations of the barber were not confined, as now, to shaving and hair cutting, hair dressing and wig making, but included the dressing of wounds, blood letting and other surgical operations. It seemed that in all the European countries the art of surgery and the art of shaving went hand in hand. The title of barber-surgeon was generally applied to barbers. The barbers of London were first incorporated by Edward IV, in 1461, and at that time were the only persons who practiced surgery. The barbers and the surgeons were separated and made two distinct corporations in France in the time of Louis XIV, and in England in 1745. The sign of the barber-surgeon consisted of a striped frame on which was suspended a basin; the fillet around the pole indicating the bandage twisted around the arm previous to blood letting, and the basin the vessel for receiving the blood. This sign has been generally retained by the modern barber. In this country, however, the basin is used only for cupping purposes. Another signification of the barber pole

or sign is thus given: "The red represents the blood; the blue represents the veins; the white represents the skin."

The art of barbering in Europe to-day is not to be compared with the art in this country. I presume that no generous Yankee artist, one with the tact for business and energy of a Phalon, a Delight or a Roberson, ever crossed over there when he could make himself known by his tasteful and high toned "Salon Tonsorial" a la mode Americaine. I have no reason to doubt that the French or English gentleman would not appreciate a good shave as much as an American gentleman, provided the shops were inviting and the work done in an artistic manner.

It is rather singular but nevertheless true that nearly every business in the country, be it large or small, is from time to time given an account of in the newspapers, and the people, as a general thing, become posted in all branches of business throughout the land, except in the business that I am to represent at this time. Whether it is because it is too *barberous* a matter to talk about, or too insignificant to think of, I am not prepared to say; but so it is that we hardly hear anything about the business, except some heartless tonsorial artist commits some depredation, or some one-horse boss-barber starts a Barbers' Union, then a notice of the fact may be seen in some newspaper in the shortest possible form; so that when anything like an account of the business appears in any of the journals of the country it is read with interest by the fraternity, and at the same time it is received with a feeling of astonishment. Such was my case when a friend of mine offered me the *Chicago Sunday Tribune*, of the 10th of December, with an article headed "The Barber." Though the writer gave a good and correct account of the origin of the business, he was not posted, however, in its details as far as this country is concerned; but I hope that he may at some future time

favor us with more on the same subject. Finding the ice broken and the channel open, I thought proper to take advantage of the opportunity and give a more explicit account of the business, hoping to present some facts to those who are not posted in our business, that they may not hereafter sneer so much at the insignificant business and good-for-nothing trade.

The barber business has kept pace with all other trades of the country. It has raised from a three-penny concern to high-toned and palatial salons. The time was when a man could get shaved in this country for three cents. At that time he was satisfied in having his rough beard with a week's growth on, scraped off in a couple of swipes, and wash his own face half the time; the operation being performed with a Wade & Butcher largest size scythe, as it is considered now-a-days. Such was the manner of shaving in this country in the old, old times.

With few exceptions, barbering was in those days, in this country, as it is now in Europe. There the basin and a piece of common soap is used for the softening of the beard, while here a cup and brush have always been used for that purpose. The barber chair used at that time in this country was of a very plain structure, straight back with a head piece resembling the upper part of a common crutch; the chair was covered with common carpet, and the rest of the furniture corresponded. The size of the shops was generally ten by twelve feet. Six towels were considered sufficient for the whole week's trade; each towel was used on ten or twelve customers. Once in a while some indiscreet individual would find fault with a towel that had been used only on about six or seven other customers, to which the artist would reply that the towel had been used only on the stated number, and none of them had found any fault with it. This being a great consola-

tion to the fault-finding customer, his head was again rested on the crutch—I would say on the head rest—and his physiognomy was wiped in a very unceremonious manner, after which he paid his three cents and departed in peace.

Young men did not go into barber shops then; they would not be seen in one unless they had become of age; their modesty and bashfulness would not permit them to expose themselves to the public gaze in having the fur removed from their apparently tender and smooth countenances.

At that time white barbers were not very numerous. The gentleman of color was the sole controller of the trade until 1820, or thereabouts, when a few German barbers began to make their appearance in some of the large cities. Twenty dollars at that time would open a pretty good shop, while at present the best shop in the country cost twenty thousand dollars. About the year 1835, or thereabouts, the barber business began to assume a different aspect; the white barbers became more numerous and the shops were better fitted up.

Ten years later, Mr. Edward Phalon, of New York city; opened a barber shop which cost about twenty thousand dollars. This grand opening was heralded all over the country, and many people thought at the time that Mr. P. was foolish or crazy in spending so much money in a barber shop; they called it extravagance, etc. In connection with his tonsorial business he began to manufacture hair oils, perfumery, etc., and he became quite wealthy. Mr. Phalon is a self-made man. At the age of seventeen he entered into a contract with a man by the name of Jacob Mayby, an American barber, to learn the trade. He served his time of four years, and immediately opened a shop in Chatham street. He sold this shop shortly after, and opened another a little larger; but being

a man of energy he felt that he ought to have a larger establishment still—not only larger but fitted up in an elegant style—and he succeeded in opening the grand establishment referred to above. Mr. Phalon's father was a trader from New York to New Orleans; he was an intimate friend of Henry Clay. He died in New Orleans of yellow fever in 1815, one year after his son Edward was born. Mr. Phalon is one of the oldest barbers in the country, being now at the age of sixty-three years. In the summer of 1848 Mr. Phalon sent a bottle of his hair invigorator to his father's esteemed friend, the Hon. Henry Clay. Mr. Clay, with the high appreciation of the friendship handed down to the younger Phalon, by his old associate, acknowledged the receipt of the same by letter, as follows:

ASHLAND, June 2, 1848.

Mr. Edward Phalon :

DEAR SIR:—I duly received your friendly letter, and request you to accept my cordial thanks and grateful acknowledgements for the friendly sentiments toward me which you do me the honor to entertain. Derived, as they have been, from your lamented father, and strengthened and confirmed by your own observation and reflection, they come to me with strong and double title to my high appreciation of their value. I also thank you for the bottle of your invigorator which you had the goodness to send me. I will give it a fair trial. Although in advanced age nothing can avert the appearance of gray hair and wrinkles and other evidences of lapse of years, it is well enough to put on and preserve our good looks as well and as long as we can. From the favorable account of your Invigorator, I think it must contribute to the object of your success and prosperity in life. That such may be its tendency, and that you may long live in health and happiness, is the fervent wish of

Your friend and obedient servant, H. CLAY.

This letter has been kept by Mr. Phalon as a great and highly appreciated relic, and may be seen hung up in his shop in a very neat frame.

In 1862 Mr. Phalon lost over one hundred thousand dollars in the South from his extracts, perfumeries, oils and

hair invigorators. He was at that time one of the largest manufacturers of the above articles in this country. Mr. Phalon was the first man in the United States who increased the journeyman's wages, which were from five and six, to nine dollars per week. The fraternity may thank Mr. Phalon to-day for the manner in which he brought the barber business from a three-penny concern to a large and extensive business. He is the father of the profession in this country to-day; a man of honor, respected and beloved by all who know him personally.

From 1845 hair cutting and hair dressing began in earnest. At that time the hair was worn long and combed straight back and very often rolled under. The Irish gentleman especially considered it quite a treat if he could get into a barber shop on the Sabbath morning and get his hair dressed in the latest style preparatory to going to church. This style, however, changed, and the half-shingled style began. Young men commenced to frequent the barber shops as much as the senior class. They would get their hair curled with the curling-tongs to go to balls, theaters and private parties. Young ladies began to wear the hair short and very frequently curled with the tongs.

Previous to 1860 the general price of shaving was five cents, hair cutting ten cents and curling fifteen and twenty cents; but at the commencement of the war the price was raised to six cents a shave, twelve cents for hair cutting, twenty-five cents for curling and twenty-five cents for shampooing. These prices were general, but there were some of the best shops that charged ten cents, and the rest of the work in proportion. At the time when Uncle Sam became short of small change and concluded to use postage stamps as a portion of currency, I was an apprentice, and was very particular when I shaved a customer to

take all the pains I could, so that he might be satisfied with my work and call again, or in other words I had "an eye for business." After I would finish him, he often would pull out a pocket book full of postage stamps and give two of them looking as if they had already been through the office once or twice. I often thought what a great blessing it was that I never was addicted to swearing; but I knew several other fellows who often offered some short but well-directed prayer for the benefit of such cheeky and impudent beings.

In 1862-3 the price of shaving was raised to ten cents, and some of the best shops in New York and other large cities began to charge fifteen cents, the present price in that class of shops. In 1865-6 all the first-class shops in the country charged fifteen cents and a few twenty cents, and forty cents for hair cutting. These prices clearly demonstrate the fact that the barber business like all other trades has kept up with the growth and progress of the country.

New York City, or the great metropolis, has always been the principal city in the East for the tonsorial art, as it is for everything else. Many number one artists has she sent forth to seek their fortunes in this broad and glorious land. Many have succeeded in accumulating enough to make them comfortable through their remaining days, and many have more than they can possibly use while in the enjoyment of this life. There are no less than one thousand men in the barber business in this country that are worth from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars. There are a few in New York and Philadelphia who are worth upwards of half a million. In the latter beautiful city the tonsorial business has been carried on very extensively. There are some splendid establishments in the city, but bathing in Philadelphia, as far as barber shops are con-

cerned, is a failure, for the simple fact that nearly every household has a bath-room, thus cutting off considerable custom that would otherwise patronize the barber shops.

In the city of Boston the business is carried on in quite an extensive manner. There are many establishments of the first class and are well patronized. In nearly every first class shop in the city of Boston they charge twenty cents for shaving and forty cents for hair cutting and the same for shampooing.

In Baltimore, or the city of fashion, there are also many first class establishments, and the barber business flourishes in that city. There are many old artists in Baltimore who have accumulated considerable wealth at business, some of them commencing with a single chair, but they kept steadily on, adding little by little until they found themselves comfortably fixed, taking it easy and enjoying life in a manner to be appreciated.

There are some good shops in Washington City, but, like the harvest time, business comes in earnest only when Congress assembles, and when it does, barber shops get their full share.

There are some good shops in Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, and a few in Pittsburgh, only that you can't tell what color they are.

Then we come to Chicago, and there is where you will find them. Chicago has got more number one barber shops than any city in the world for its size. Of all the cities in this country Chicago is undoubtedly the pride of them all. As far as business is concerned it is only excelled by the great metropolis, while for pleasure and sociability it is not to be questioned. To realize this fact, one has to live there but a short period and he will readily come to the conclusion that Chicago, to use the common expression of the commercial traveler, "is the boss town of them all."

There is probably no class of men in this country more able to judge what a town or city is than this very class. The traveling man becomes acquainted not only with the people he comes in contact with, but also with their ways and manner of doing business. He watches closely as he travels on, and takes pleasure in obtaining all the information about everything that is interesting to him. The traveling men, as a class, are not selfish or penurious; on the contrary, they are free and open-hearted, liberal and amiable, while intellect is generally visible in their countenances. There are a few exceptions in this class, however. There are some who are inclined to be ugly and ill-disposed, making themselves disagreeable in many places. I have seen some of them—I should have said few—show their temper and ill manner at the table in hotels, cursing the waiters, victuals and nearly everything about them. If there is one thing more than another that I detest in this world, it is to hear a man at a table finding fault with nearly everything that is set before him. It is the height of ill-breeding. But I must say that there were only a few of these men in the fraternity. Good manners and pleasant countenances will meet with the highest respect of even the most ignorant; while sociability and politeness are always highly appreciated by the most learned and cultivated mind.

There is no place probably which the traveling man more delights to visit as soon as he arrives in a city or town than a good barber shop; it is one of the first and seems to be the most essential thing with him. He gets a good shave and he feels refreshed, and looks as though he was ready to meet the hardest customer that he ever dealt with, with full confidence of coming out first best, happy and contented. They are the happiest and most social set of men that ever took a trunk out; always ready for a joke, give or take. They are the happiest set of Adam's race.

I take pleasure in assuming the responsibility of characterizing another class of men who patronize the barber shop nearly as much as the above. If there is a set of men in this broad land, or any other, that should command the highest respect and appreciation of the general public it is the railroad men; but I am sorry to say that their services are not as much appreciated as they should be. No man runs such risk of his life as the railroad man; no man has more contention than the railroad man; none are more brave in staring death itself in the face than the railroad man; and yet they are called a hard set; they are abused shamefully very often; but by whom? by people who pretend to be so nice and pure, while if the truth were known about them it would make the horny creature blush. The railroad man, as a general thing, is out-spoken, open-hearted and free to express his views. Some say that they swear and use vulgar phrases. While it may be true that some of them use indecent language sometimes, circumstances are such very often that a minister in their places would find it very difficult to refrain from the same. "Put yourself in his place." By the by, I would have you to read a work of the above title by Charles Reade; it will no doubt give you the true position or situation of this class of men. Our best and most thorough railroad men commenced as peanut sellers on the trains, or green hands at the brakes; but there, as anywhere else, their character may be molded. Little these young boys may think or perceive that their respective employers observe from day to day their ways and manners while on duty on the trains. A newsboy on a train can be a gentleman or he can be a loafer. I leave it for them to select one of these traits; not only the newsboy but the brakeman also. Both these are often imposed upon by a certain class of travelers; but we are all liable to mal-treatment and imposition, consequently we should

put our reasoning powers at work with that force necessary to overcome the many difficulties that cross our pathway.

Patience, the great virtue of human kind,
Undoubtedly is the greatest comforter that a man can find.

The position of a conductor aboard a train is one of great responsibility. Our conductors, as a general thing, are men of good sense, respectability and good manners, and withal civil and polite. They also have contentions, from the fact that they mingle with human nature in all its forms and ways. The accommodation of these men to the public is very often perceptible and commands admiration. In this connection I take pleasure in mentioning a few conductors who are highly esteemed by all who have had the pleasure of riding on their trains. One of these men is William Cummings, often called Billy Cummings by his most intimate friends. Mr. Cummings runs the accommodation train from Mendota, Illinois, to the city of Chicago, on the Burlington and Quincy Road. Mr. C. is undoubtedly one of the most pleasant and accommodating conductors in the country. His manner of treating his traveling patrons never fails to be appreciated by them, so much so that they will often wait one train over so that they may ride on his train. Mr. Cummings has been employed by the same company for over twenty years. Another one of these men runs from Indianapolis to the city of Hamilton, Ohio. His name is Charles Pender. Mr. Pender has been employed by that company for over ten years as conductor. He is a pleasant, amiable and very accommodating man. As in the case of Mr. Cummings, those who know Mr. Pender much prefer to ride on his train, and will wait for him often. There are many such men throughout the country, and when the railroad companies have such

men in their employ it is for their interest to retain them as long as they can.

THE MASTER OF THE IRON HORSE.

The engineer of a locomotive has no less responsibility on his shoulders, but I would say that he had more, and not only responsibility, but occupies the most dangerous position. Though there are many accidents on railroads, it is a wonder there are not more. Sobriety is required among this class especially, and the companies can not be too strict in this respect. I am glad to say that we find comparatively very few of these men who drink to excess; but my opinion is that no man who pulls the throttle should ever touch or handle intoxicating liquors.

Railroad men, like the traveling men, are appreciative of a good shave, and they patronize the barber shops as much as the latter class, for they seldom ever shave themselves. How many times they sit in a barber chair, tired out and sometimes nearly exhausted, and in a few moments they find themselves in the embrace of old Morpheus, and there remain until they are awakened by the clatter of the chair, or the well known sound of "Next!"

Chicago is the great center for the commercial traveler. I have yet failed to meet a traveling man that has ever been in Chicago who felt disposed to find fault or run that city down. Chicago is all attractive within its limits. It concentrates your affections right there, as it were, and sets you thinking and wondering how it is possible that such a city can control such an immense trade, under the great pressure of indebtedness that is constantly upon it. This is a mystery to many who arrive there; but it is not long before they lose their sense of wonder, and plunge headlong with all the rest of humanity, if they possess energy, and become a part and parcel of the great and won-

derful city. Never fail to see Chicago if it is in your power so to do.

I went to Chicago in 1865. It was just after the great struggle, and the barber business, as well as all other business, was quite brisk. Money seemed to be plenty, and everything moved on smoothly, presenting a bright prospect. There were several first-class barber shops in the city at that time, and all doing a good business. Although a great many journeymen barbers were then coming from the East, a first-class workman could always obtain work and command good wages. Among the first-class shops in the city at that time was one on the corner of Lake and Clark streets, kept by Antonio M. Delight. There were nine chairs in the shop, and they were all going in full blast. There were also nine bathing rooms connected. I worked for Mr. D. several weeks. Business became so brisk that the room was not spacious enough to accommodate the custom the establishment attracted; and Mr. Delight feeling that he necessarily must have more spacious quarters, with the assistance of a prominent merchant, Mr. A. D. Titsworth, he procured the magnificent and spacious room in Smith & Nixon's building, then just finished, on Washington street, next to the Board of Trade, and opened a palatial establishment, which then assumed the name of "Delight's Tonsorial Palace." The room was about twenty-five feet front by sixty deep. Mr. Delight fitted up the shop in magnificent style. The furniture was the best that could be found in the city or in the country. The floor was of marble, while in the center of the room a beautiful wash-stand of unusual dimensions ornamented the spacious apartment. There were sixteen elegant Rochester chairs, eight on each side of the room. Sixteen artists, the best that could be procured, were employed. Probably never was nor ever will be again such a set of first-class

workmen in one establishment in this country. In connection with the establishment there were sixteen bathing rooms in the basement, fitted up in most elegant taste. There was also a ladies' hair-dressing room and a wig room, both in charge of Mr. A. C. Barrows, the celebrated wig maker. The number of persons employed in the establishment was about thirty. The weekly expenses were nearly a thousand dollars. The rent of the room alone was four thousand dollars per year.

On the grand opening day and evening it resembled more Field & Leiter or some other large establishment on their opening day, for its grand display on the occasion. The whole city was interested, and it seemed as if the entire populace was there to take a look at the Delight-ful Palace.

Although the expenses, as stated before, were enormous for an establishment of that kind, Mr. Delight made plenty of money as long as he attended to the business in a proper manner. The amount of Delight's Spanish Lustral sold at wholesale and retail, the oils, bay-rum, perfumeries, and fancy articles pertaining to the trade, nearly paid the expenses of the establishment.

The wages that Mr. Delight paid at that time were the highest ever paid in this country, except in San Francisco, California, where they paid twenty-five dollars per week in gold. Mr. D. paid twenty-two dollars per week to most of the workmen then employed; and though the wages were high, they were well-earned, for the men had to work hard early and late.

Among the most prominent artists employed in the establishment were, Mr. Gus. Klinke, foreman, afterwards proprietor of the Tremont shop; Mr. William Fisher, often called Bill Fisher by his friends; Mr. Chas. K. Tyler, Mr. Samuel Place, Mr. William Pettilon, Mr.

Henry Pettilon, Mr. E. N. Cass, Mr. E. Finney, Mr. Joseph Ward, Mr. Moses O'Neal, Capt. Ed. Went, and others whose names I can not bring to memory.

If ever there was a man in our business in this country whom fame and fortune were staring in the face, it was Tony Delight; but the Prince of Barbers could not bear prosperity very long. He became reckless by fast living, fast society, etc., and soon bid farewell to the wonderful and rare chance of becoming the wealthiest man in our business in this country. The title that Mr. Delight assumed was not because he was the best artist in the business, but because he was the best manager and the most enterprising man in the profession; and the fraternity may thank Mr. Delight to-day for the manner in which he brought the business up to the present standard. Not only did he establish high wages in the West, but he also was the means of several magnificent shops being started in different parts of the country.

A short time after Mr. Delight gave up his Tonsorial Palace, Messrs. Pettilon Brothers, at present proprietors of the Grand Pacific shop, opened an elegant shop in the basement of the Tribune Building. The establishment was one that did great credit to the city. It cost upward of twelve thousand dollars. The proprietors being men of ability and tact for business, as well as steady and industrious, they succeeded, as a natural consequence, in building up a reputation unsurpassed by any other firm in the country. By the time, however, that they were flourishing—reaping a good harvest—the great catastrophe swept them away, as it did many others, and left them to start again with only their reputation to commence with. Here is where men never lose anything when their reputation is beyond reproach. When through their earnest labor and honest dealings they accumulate wealth as their just re-

ward, and though it may be swept away from them by some unaccountable or unexpected means, they can most always fall back on the reputation they have already built, and continue in their usual pursuit.

To realize what I have stated regarding the manner in which business is pushed in the great pride of the West, is to look at it to day—blooming like a beautiful flower in the middle of May. She is not only the pride of the West but of the country. May she ever grow in wealth. May God with his ever-watching eye guard and screen her from another such destructive fate.

WHAT I SAW AND LEARNED ON MY TRIP.

In order that I might be successful in this enterprise, I thought proper and really necessary that I should obtain all the information I could about the art in attempting to give its history, and at the same time obtain a few advertisements from some of the principal firms throughout the country. My time, however, was rather limited, and I could not reach all the principal cities that I intended, but succeeded in obtaining considerable information in all the cities I visited, and all the encouragement that would point to success. However, there is no man at the present time who will attempt to introduce any new enterprise, it matters not how good or excellent it may be, but he will meet with some rebuffs by somebody.

One of the first cities I visited was Cincinnati. There I met with good encouragement; but I went to a certain newspaper office to ascertain about some advertising. I gave my circular to a gentleman and a business man, as I thought, and asked him what it would cost for a certain advertisement in his paper. He commenced to read the circular, and laughing under a disguise he had to go and show it to another man, and they both chuckled in their

sleeves. A thought undoubtedly came to the wise man's mind that such an insignificant enterprise would be hardly worth noticing. There are many men in certain positions to-day that are not worthy of it; apparently they may seem to fill the position, but some of them lack a great deal of judgment and common sense. Men who will not measure small things will many times slight larger ones. It is the little things that require our most attention. How careful is a mother with her babe! He is only a little insignificant thing; ah! but who knows what that child will become if he lives to be a man! Business men, take good care of the little things, for the large ones will take care of themselves.

The next city I visited was Chicago. I met with all encouragement to assure me success, and never will forget the cordiality with which I was greeted by the Association of the Barbers' Union in that city. That honorable body saw fit to pass a resolution approving of my enterprise, and manifesting a desire of doing all that was in their power to make it a success.

The next city was St. Louis. There, as in the former city, I met with a cordial approval; and having heard of Prof. Roberson's establishment, I went to see it, and after I had seen it I felt that I was well paid already for my trip. It is worth any person's time to go through the establishment.

The next cities were Cleveland, Buffalo and Rochester, where they have some good establishments, especially in the latter.

Next was New York city. One of the first firms I visited was that of Phalon & Son, or the father of the business in this country. I found Mr. Phalon a very pleasant and intelligent gentleman, well informed and highly educated. I received a great deal of information

from Mr. P., and never shall forget his kindness towards me. I was in the great metropolis about a week, looking around at the styles and everything of interest. I happened to be in the city on the great 5th, and had occasion to go to the Tribune office on business. I transacted my business, and asked permission to go through the building and take a view of it. I had ascended three flights of stairs, when looking towards the south I saw a flag half-mast on one of the buildings close by. I went all through the beautiful building, and it is a grand sight to go as far up as you can, for when you get there you can't find a higher place in the whole city, and there behold the sight. When I descended and reached the sidewalk I went towards the south and saw that same flag again, it was on the top of the Sun Building. I approached the building and saw a man reading the bulletin, and he was smiling. I asked him in a very serious manner if the editor of the *Sun* was dead; he in a similar serious manner responded that he did not think he was dead, but he thought that he ought to be. As he said this he laughed, and I smiled very liberally, and went on my way. The *Sun* is hidden beyond the clouds.

While in that locality I visited the office of the *O Novo Mundo*, or *The New World*, a Portuguese paper, published by Dr. Rodrigues of Rio de Janeiro, an eminent scholar and a gentleman of fine culture, as I am told. The paper is illustrated, and is very interesting to those who can extricate the knowledge from its pages. It was the first literature in my native tongue that I had looked at for four years or more, and it was very interesting to me; but I had not the pleasure of seeing its editor, as he was absent from the city.

I walked down Chatham street to Chatham Square. I looked around, and, noticing so many streets emptying

there, for curiosity sake I counted them, and to my great astonishment I had eleven marked in my Pocket Companion. The names of the streets are as follows: Chat-ham, Bowery, Oliver, East Broadway, Division, Worth, Mott, Catherine, Doyers, New Bowery and James. I dare say that there are but few persons in that great city who will realize this astonishing fact; and there is probably no other one place in the world where so many streets come together.

Walking down the Bowery and taking a few notes of things of interest, I passed an eating place. It was a small room, but neatly fitted up. It had a good sized window which was full of the nicest looking pies I ever came across. I was always inclined that way from a boy; it has been one of my greatest failings, and I fear that I never will get over it; but then it will not do at this late day to find too much fault with mother nature. I got hungry looking at the pies, and I bounced into the room, and before I sat down I called for a cup of coffee and a piece of pie. Such a cup of coffee I had not drank for many a day, and the pie was simply superb, and when I asked for my bill and found it was but ten cents I was greatly surprised. I paid the bill and bounced out of the room, for I felt another hungry fit coming on and would not permit any conflict with my dinner. I believe the place is in the neighborhood of 194 or 196 Bowery, and the man's name that keeps it is Culler or Cullins (but not Tom Collins). If you should ever happen to pass that place and look in the window and don't get hungry looking at those pies, I'll pay for one dozen of them if you'll eat them at one sitting.

I walked toward Broadway and went into a barber shop not very far from the United States Hotel, and presented my circular to one of the artists. He commenced to read

it, and in a few moments gave it back to me, saying that he did not want anything of the kind, that it was outside of their line. I looked at him for a moment, for he was an intelligent looking fellow, and felt like laughing right out, but I controlled myself until I reached the sidewalk, when I enjoyed a good laugh all to myself, and pulling out my Pocket Companion I inserted the good but rather absurd joke or incident therein.

The great city is full of attractions. I visited the celebrated Mora's Art Gallery and enjoyed myself for half an hour in viewing the products of the great art. It pays one to visit that establishment. Never fail to visit the Central Park, the great museum especially.

Walking on the Fifth Avenue, my attention was attracted by that old established house of C. G. Gunther's Sons, the great fur dealers, established in 1820. It is a magnificent building seven stories high. The fine display of goods in the establishment pays one to go from the extreme end of the city to see.

Crossing over to Brooklyn, I viewed for the first time that great undertaking, the New York and Brooklyn Bridge. One can not form an idea of this great work until he sees it. It was my desire to ascend to the foot bridge where the workmen were engaged, but I was not able to see the Hon. Henry C. Murphy, President of the Board of Trustees, from whom I would necessarily have to obtain permission.

FROM NEW YORK TO BOSTON.

I started to Boston on the Albany Road, and if there ever was a smooth road, put that at the head. The day was pleasant and the train was full of gentlemen and ladies. They were all Yankees of the finest type; pleasant manners, intelligent faces, sociable and highly educated. It does one good to take a trip from the great metropolis to the

celebrated Hub. You feel as though you were on an elevated plane. What will replace intelligence, pleasant manners, courtesy and refinement? Education and good training produce all this and more. When we arrived at New Haven, the President of Yale College and other Professors of the institution boarded the train. That was a well conducted train, I assure you. Arriving at Hartford, the first attraction is a magnificent building at your right which you are bound to look at for some time and admire for its peculiar architecture. Though not colossal in dimensions it is a large and handsome structure. The building is not near finished yet. Hartford is a handsome city and has some handsome buildings that would do credit to any city.

A RIDE TO GLASTONBURY.

Having some business to transact at the above town, and there being no railroad thereto, I gladly accepted the accommodation of a stage that runs there daily. A man by the name of Chapman runs the said accommodating train, and, by the way, he is a good and accommodating Chap. He had been running that machine for ten years, he said, but I doubt if he ever had any such load as on that trip. It was an open wagon, with accommodations for three seats, but there were two barrels on board that ought not to have been, that took up one seat. There were five ladies and five men and one little boy; yes, and one more male—the mail bag—and a little brown jug that was put away under the seat. Undoubtedly some of the passengers (of the male persuasion) frequently thought they would like to form the acquaintance of Mr. Jug, but as it was impossible to get a glimpse of it, all they could do was to wish it well. Going through the city, every man, woman and child who saw the wagon stopped, as if we were some of Barnum's wonders. No doubt it was a

comical and wonderful sight. Once the wagon jumped, and I looked to see where I should jump, but I didn't fancy the place, as the mud was a little too deep. The caravan righted itself, however, and I felt of myself to see if I was all there yet. When these pleasant—oh, yes, very pleasant!—up-turns of the wagon would come, it made us feel rather serious. Not a word would be uttered, but when the sea was calm they would create laughter and a joke; but I was not very much inclined to laugh—all the time I had to spare was occupied in bracing myself, in case some unexpected jolt would bounce me into the mud. Of all the rides, I never will forget that one; but we all reached our destination in good order, and very thankful for it.

I reached the old Hub next day. It was clear and pleasant; the Yankee city looked natural to me, and I felt at home, but my stay was rather short, and I could not take a good view of it. Boston has some magnificent buildings, and some improvements have been made on some of the streets. Walking around and looking at the sights one noon, or rather at half-past one, I passed the celebrated restaurant of Copeland. I did not feel like going any further, for I had had no dinner yet. I took chicken pie for mine. Braced once more to my heart's content, I strolled further and went towards the Common, but it is not Boston Common until the middle of May or thereabouts. I crossed to Washington street, and took a peep into White's dry goods store. It pays well for one to go through that grand and magnificent establishment. I went to the wharves, for I always love to see ships, and always feel like blessing the one that brought me over.

My time was up and I had to leave, much to my regret. On my way back to New York I stopped at Worcester, and was rather surprised to notice the wonderful improve-

ments in that city since 1871. Worcester is one of the nicest cities of its size in the East.

Two days in New York, and then off to Philadelphia. I have to give the same verdict that nearly every one does who goes there. I like Philadelphia for its nice streets and for its nice white shutters, for its beautiful women and for its wonderful and rare relics. My first desire was to see that old structure that every American highly prizes—Independence Hall. I was in the building an hour or more looking with interest at the great relics that are within its walls. One of the first attractions was the old bell, and wishing to see the date on it, I was permitted to go inside the place where it was. I tried to sound it, but the sound is dull and not very pleasant. The bell was made in England about November 1st, 1751; arrived the latter part of August, 1752, and was hung in the summer of 1753. Independence Building was commenced in 1732 and occupied in 1736; Andrew Hamilton, architect. Never fail to see Independence Building if you ever go to the Independence city.

I stopped but two days in the city and then started for the Smoky City. Arriving at Pittsburg the snow was on the ground, and as I was making for the hotel as fast as I was able, without any warning I found myself sprawling on the sidewalk. My hat went one way, my sachel another; I occupied another place still. There were many people passing, but I did not notice them just at that time for my mind was very much occupied. I arose slowly, for one of my knees felt a little delicate. I gathered up the things that had so suddenly slipped from my grasp, and composing myself made another bounce for the hotel, and succeeded in arriving there without any further interruption. Oh yes! I love Pittsburg! I had a colored shirt on, that was one great blessing, anyhow. Pittsburg is a

thriving city, and many fortunes have been made there in our business. I got through my business in one day and started for the Pride of the West. Arriving there next morning I felt that I had reached home. I always felt at home in Chicago, since I lived there. I had been in the city a month or so previous, and was kindly received by the fraternity, and very much encouraged by the interest they took in my enterprise; and I feel that as far as the city of Chicago is concerned, the Pamphlet will be liberally read, by the fraternity at least. I could not help noticing the difference between Chicago buildings and those of Eastern cities; especially in hotels Chicago stands ahead. I staid only one day and then started homeward bound, reaching the Hoosier Capital safe and sound.

In nearly every shop I entered and gave my circular it was read with interest and approved, and often they would say it was a good idea—that it would elevate the business in the opinion of the public, etc. While I believe this myself, I would add one word: This little work will be read by the fraternity to a considerable extent, and will no doubt meet the approbation of many; if so, why not keep a few more good books in your shops that will be instructive and beneficial to the mind. I love to read good books, and nearly always had them when I kept shop. In the first place I would have a Bible on a center-table in every shop in the country, and a few other good books that are worth more than their weight in gold, and not have such trash as dime novels and other insignificant literature that intoxicates the mind and fits it for naught. Cultivate your mind with good reading, and you will profit by it greatly; if you do this you will not only elevate yourself to a higher standard, but you set a good example to those who may patronize your establishment. Thus you will make your place of business attractive, and will draw to you that class

who are educated and refined. This is the best way I know to elevate the business to a higher standard. How many bright intellects are blasted by the constant reading of that which is no avail to them! Is it not much preferable to feed on that which is substantial and rich? The world is corrupt enough at best; why not strive to ameliorate our condition whenever and wherever we can? But you say, How can I study or educate myself? I have no means to do it. It is a poor excuse, and you had better not offer it.

If you have the will,
You may fill your till.

The barber shop has been a good school for me, and really the only one I ever had in this country. I have had bad luck in many ways: I have failed in business; I have been snubbed and cut very short sometimes by editors, because I didn't happen to have the right handle to my name; I have been discouraged many times, but I never felt disposed to give up the few good books which I possessed that held me up and consoled me often in time of dismay. Give me good books and you may have everything else.

PRINCIPAL ESTABLISHMENTS IN THE COUNTRY.

NEW YORK CITY.

One of the finest and most popular establishments in the city of New York is that of Edward Phalon & Son, in the St. Nicholas Hotel. It is often called the Glass Tonsorial Palace, for it is covered with mirrors all around. There are ten chairs in the establishment, and as many bathing-rooms in the basement, fitted up in an elegant style. In front of the shop there is also a gents' furnishing goods establishment, carried on by the firm. The shop is handsomely fitted up, the furniture being the best the market affords. Price of shaving, twenty cents; hair-cutting, thirty-five cents. Such establishments as this generally and naturally attract that class of custom that appreciates good work, and take delight in sitting in the chair as long as they conveniently can, and have the artist take considerable pains with them. For the extra time, however, they liberally recompense, giving often fifty cents—twenty for the shave and the remainder for the workman. This, however, does not recompense the firm for the extra time wasted on the customer, in consequence of which Mr. Phalon has adopted a rule that works harmoniously both ways. All the extra change that is received from the customer for work goes to the drawer, accompanied with a check corresponding to the amount, and a liberal percentage is given to the workman when the cash is made up. This is

decidedly the best and the most just way of arriving at the difficulty. Mr. P. is no doubt the first man who adopted this rule. He talks of selling out his establishment and retiring from the business. It is time that Mr. Phalon should retire; energy and anxiety have both subsided. He has achieved much which the fraternity must be proud of to-day. May the last days of his life be peaceful and serene, is the fervent wish of the author.

Fifth Avenue Hotel Shop.—This establishment is carried on by Mr. C. Schrieber. It has twelve chairs, and is fitted up in fine style. Mr. S. has been in that establishment seventeen years, and is supposed to be worth upwards of one hundred thousand dollars.

Astor House Barber Shop.—This establishment is carried on by Mr. C. Cristadoro; it has ten chairs, and is one of the best paying firms in the city. It is fitted up very neatly. Mr. C. has been in business for many years; he commenced to manufacture his celebrated hair-dye a number of years ago, and has succeeded in accumulating a snug little fortune of two hundred thousand dollars and upward.

There are a number of other first-class establishments in the city that might be mentioned, but could not be informed of the names of the proprietors.

IN THE CITY OF BOSTON.

Parker House Barber Shop.—The proprietor of this establishment is P. Notly, a German, a man of good education and business capacity; has eight chairs, two stands in the center of the room, having four mirrors on each. Mr. N. is well off. He has been in the establishment for over fifteen years.

Tremont House Barber Shop.—Peter Rober, proprietor. This shop has ten chairs, and is handsomely fitted up.

Mr. R. imports perfumery, and within a few years has been in Europe for the purpose of purchasing the above line of goods. He has been in the establishment for over twelve years, and is well off.

Revere House Shop has five chairs, and is one of the best paying establishments in the city. I could not ascertain the proprietor's name.

United States Hotel.—This house has two shops, one with eight chairs and another with four, kept by an Italian whose name I was not able to ascertain. I was informed that he is worth half a million dollars. He has been in these establishments over twenty years.

American House Shop, Charles Taylor, proprietor, runs four chairs. Mr. T. is well off, and has been in the establishment for seventeen years.

Charles Mason's Old Stand, corner of Hanover and Elm streets, up stairs, is carried on by Mr. Peter Paradise; has nine chairs, and is one of the best stands in the city. Mr. Mason was one of the most energetic men in the business in the city of Boston, but the habit of intemperance got the better of his nature and he became one of its victims. It is said that about four years ago he committed suicide by taking a dose of morphine or some other deadly poison, and ending his terrible and wild career.

Charles Smith, Brattle Square.—This shop runs five chairs, and is a very good stand. Mr. S. keeps barbers' supplies on a small scale, but intends to go into that business altogether before long.

Noonen's Establishment.—This firm is on Washington street opposite Harvard. It has eight chairs and deals in furnishing goods. A good stand for the business.

William Tyler, corner Hanover and Portland streets, runs

five chairs. Mr. T. has been fourteen years in that establishment and is supposed to be pretty well off.

Bunker Hill District.—J. D. Dwyer, corner of Harvard and Bow streets, runs five chairs, has a very neat shop and is doing a good business. Mr. D. is a man of energy and has tact for business.

Quincy House Shop is one of the oldest establishments in the city. It is carried on by the house and does a good business.

Charles Newhall, opposite the American House. Mr. N. is one of Mr. Mason's apprentices, has been in business fifteen years and is well off. He runs five chairs and has a very neat shop.

Charles Kembal, No. 2 Court Square, has five chairs. This is one of the oldest stands in the city, and its proprietor is comfortably fixed.

George Sparol, Court Avenue, has seven chairs. This shop does a good business, the location being number one.

There are many other establishments in the city worthy of mention, but not being able to obtain the names of the proprietors or number of chairs I can not mention them.

There are some good shops in Lawrence, Mass., and Manchester, New Hampshire, my former home. The best shop there is that of Orrill Brothers, opposite the Postoffice. I was in business for three years in said shop in company with Mr. James Orrill, one of the present proprietors. The location is the best in the city.

PHILADELPHIA.

There are several nice establishments in the above city, but I was unable to obtain many names of the firms.

Continental Hotel Shop has nine chairs and is fitted up in

a very tasty manner. Mr. Louis Witman is the proprietor, a very pleasant gentleman and well posted in the business. He has also six bathing-rooms.

St. Cloud Hotel.—Jackel Brothers are the proprietors of this shop. They have six chairs and do a good business. I would judge the location a good one.

ROCHESTER.

One of the most pleasant shops that I found was in the above city, kept by Wm. Laird in Corinthian Hall. It is a large square room, with nine chairs, and a good-sized wash-stand in the center. On one side of the room there is a large stand for bay-rum bottles, holding about two hundred and fifty of them; it was a new feature to me. Mr. L. is a fine workman from what I could judge of his manner of working.

BUFFALO.

One of the best establishments in the above city is on Seneca street, F. Grabenstatter, proprietor. It has six chairs and as many bathing-rooms, and is fitted up in a very tasty manner.

ROME, N. Y.

In the above city there is a good shop carried on by Mr. Geo. Batchelor. He has four or five chairs, and the shop is well fitted up. Mr. B. has been in business for thirty years. He also keeps a large assortment of ladies' ornamental hair-work; switches, curls and wigs made to order.

PITTSBURG.

There are some good shops in the above city, and a few that date back a century or more. The shop in St. Charles Hotel it is supposed has been in that locality for over a hundred years. A colored man by the name of Lewis Woodson kept the shop for forty-six years. He retired

fourteen years ago, and entered the ministry. He is a Methodist minister, preaching the gospel to-day at the age of seventy-two years.

J. B. Vashon, colored, more commonly called Col. Vashon, was in the business fifty years, and was rich. He died in 1854.

There is one German in the city who is worth no less than two hundred thousand dollars, who commenced with one chair, and never would have a glass before it. The shop was not very inviting, but the location was good, and he prospered by his strict attention to business.

There are others who are worth from twenty-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars, all made by means of the razor and shears.

CLEVELAND.

Kennard House Shop, Chas. Kress, proprietor. The shop has six chairs and as many bathing-rooms, and is fitted up neatly and tastefully. Mr. K. has been in business for many years, and is pretty well off.

CINCINNATI.

The Queen City has some fine shops, but not so many as she ought to have for her size. One of the principal establishments is in the Grand Hotel, Mr. Wm. Reed, proprietor. The shop is well fitted up, having seven chairs. Mr. R. has also another shop in another part of the city with five chairs. Mr. Reed has been in the business since a boy, and is pretty well posted. He is a good scholar, and a man well liked and respected by all who know him personally.

Burnet House Shop, W. B. Ross, colored, proprietor. This shop has six chairs and is well fitted up, and keeps a good assortment of toilet articles.

The Model Hair-Dressing Parlor.—This establishment, though not very large, does a first-rate business, the location being one of the best in the city. It is carried on by Messrs. Herrman & Middendorf, two enterprising young men and first-class workmen. They have built up a good reputation. They have five chairs, and the shop is fitted up very neatly.

CHICAGO.

One of the finest establishments in the country is that of Pettilon Brothers, in the Grand Pacific Hotel, costing upwards of fifteen thousand dollars. It is often called the Rich Walnut Palace. It has nine Rochester chairs, made to order; they are wider than the regular size, and the head-rest is of a novel design, costing fifteen dollars apiece. The chairs cost seventy-five dollars apiece. The mirrors are nine feet long by three wide, incased in a heavy black walnut frame beautifully carved. There are two wash-stands on one side of the room, both with shampooing apparatus. In the center of the room there are two registers. Near the front windows, or at the cashier's office, there is a beautiful show-case full of selected toilet articles. All the furniture in the shop is the best that could be had. The bathing department is undoubtedly the best fitted up in the country, so far as I saw wherever I went. The bathing rooms are ten in number. The floor of the rooms is covered with a rich and heavy Brussels carpet. In each room is a large black walnut stand with drawers, and a good-sized mirror on top. At the side of each bathing-tub there is a set of blinds, that can be closed when the shower-bath is applied, preventing the water from spattering on the floor. There is also a waiting-room, fitted up in an elegant style. This department is well ventilated and free from any unpleasant smell whatever, and is no doubt the finest in the country. This is the water or the plain bath

department. Dr. Somers has charge, and is the proprietor of the Turkish, Electric and Vapor Baths also in the hotel. This department is separate from the above one, and is very complete and also one of the best in the country.

Messrs. Pettilon Brothers have also another establishment on the north-east corner of Washington and Clark streets, with seven chairs and as many bathing-rooms. This location is one of the best in the city.

The Sherman House Shop.—This establishment has eight Rochester chairs and as many bathing-rooms. Mr. W. A. Hettich is proprietor. Mr. H. is German by birth; is a good scholar in his own language, as well as in English; a man of fine qualities, highly respected by the fraternity, as well as by those who know him personally. He has been in business in Chicago for a great many years, and in the same locality for twelve or fifteen years. Mr. Hettich was the President of the Barbers' Union for the last term, and filled that position with credit to himself as well as to the Association. Mr. H. is well-to-do, and has been so long established that he never fails to obtain the share of patronage that he undoubtedly deserves. His establishment is one of the finest in the city.

Palmer House Shop.—This establishment has ten chairs, is fitted up elegantly, and is carried on by the house.

Tremont House Shop.—Mr. Wm. Eden is the proprietor of this establishment. There are nine chairs in the establishment, and bathing rooms. This is one of the neatest shops in the city. Mr. E. is a man that takes pride in his business; he is naturally tasty and of good judgment; his long experience in business has made him a reputation in the way of fitting up a business place, thereby attracting that class of custom that appreciate a luxurious shave and

everything else in connection. Mr. Eden is a well educated man, of fine appearance and very polite in his manner.

A. M. Delight.—This establishment may be found at 152 Madison street. Mr. D. has nine Rochester chairs and other furniture to correspond. It is an inviting establishment, having always the best workmen that can be found. The location is one of the best in the city and its proprietor the best known in the city and throughout the whole country as well. About two years ago Mr. Delight met with the sad loss of a little daughter aged one year. The child was beautiful, and the father, it seems, could not part with his little treasure; he idolized her and thought everything of the child. It must be remembered that Mr. D. was a very dissipated man; he drank to excess, gambled, frequented places of indecent character and would use unbecoming language. He was called the notorious Delight on account of his dissipating traits. When death came and knocked at his door and took his darling little treasure it seemed to be more than he could bear, such was his love for the child. He mourned over his darling and wondered day after day if it would ever be possible for him to be permitted to look into that angelic face at some future time, and the thought came to him that no drunkard should ever enter the kingdom of heaven. This was hard to contemplate; but he thought of one way, and one only, and that was if he could become a sober man, a child of God, he might enter the kingdom and mingle with the one that was so near and dear to him. Overcome by the feeling that melted his heart, he knelt the first time for many, many years, and with an uplifted brow, and tears streaming down his face, prayed to the heavenly Father more fervently than he had ever done in his life to have mercy on him and to lead him into the path of truth and righteous-

ness. It was but a short time before Mr. D. felt entirely like a different man. He went to church with his wife and became identified with it, and to-day he is one of the most earnest workers in the cause of Christ. I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Delight speak and pray at several meetings while in the city. Tony Delight is to-day a reformed drunkard, though some no doubt think he is not in earnest. I have no reason to believe otherwise, at least my fervent prayer is that he may continue to follow the same path that he has for two years past, and that his last days may be devoted to the good work which is before him.

Mr. S. La Bourslier.—This establishment is one of the first-class shops in the city, and in a very good location. It has nine chairs and eight bathing-rooms, and is fitted up in good style. Mr. B. is an industrious man and a first-class workman, working at his chair when it is necessary for him to do so. He is a good manager, and a man well liked. The number is 117 East Madison street.

Clifton House Shop, Mr. Chris. Ackerman, proprietor. This shop has six chairs ; is neatly fitted up, and does a splendid business. Mr. A. is the present Secretary of the Barbers' Union, a man of good talent, well-behaved and highly esteemed.

William Bennett.—This establishment is on East Madison street, opposite McVicker's Theater. Mr. Bennett has been in business for nearly forty years. He has made Chicago his home for a great many years, and has been one of the leading artists in the city, especially in the bathing department. Mr. B. has always taken great pains to keep up this branch of the business in a manner creditable to himself and also commodious to all his patrons. He runs four chairs and seven or eight bath-rooms.

Thomas E. Whelan.—This establishment is on the south-

east corner of Clark and Washington streets. It is a large and commodious room with nine chairs, plainly but neatly fitted up. Mr. W. has been in the city for twelve years, but like many others luck has not been on his side at all times. He is ambitious, and of good business qualities—a gentleman in every respect.

Briggs House Shop, William Reed, proprietor. This shop has five chairs, and does a good business. Mr. R. is not a professional artist, but has kept barber-shop for several years. He is a man of fine intellect, a very pleasant gentleman, and is supposed to be well off.

One of the best establishments on the north side is that of Mr. P. Adam, 51 and 53 North Clark street. It is quite a large room, with four chairs and bathing-rooms, and does a good business. Mr. A. has been in business for many years, and is well-to-do.

Another good shop is at No. 70 North Clark street, Fred. P. Kappelman, proprietor. This shop has four chairs and does a good business. Toilet articles are kept constantly on hand.

ST. LOUIS.

The best establishment in the city of St. Louis, if not in the country, is the Lindell Hotel barber shop, Prof. Wm. Roberson, colored, proprietor. Prof. Roberson has been the leading barber in the city for many years. He is a man of considerable experience in the business; he has studied every part of it from his boyhood, and takes delight in bringing forth any improvement that will tend to purify and elevate the trade. He is a good scholar and a very polite gentleman, being one of the best-posted men in the business that I met on my trip. I was shown all through the establishment by the Professor, and I must say that it surpasses any establishment I ever saw in this

country. The main entrance to the shop is on Washington avenue. There are two large windows, and a door in the center. Two beautiful lace curtains adorn the windows, while vases of flowers ornament the same, presenting to the passer-by a sight to be admired for an institution of that character. The room is twenty-four feet front by fifty deep. Twelve Western barber chairs, made expressly for the establishment by Arnd Brothers, of that city, adorn the spacious room, six on each side. The walls are covered with three different kinds of marble reaching half-way to the ceiling. The ceiling is beautifully painted, and on the walls are some beautiful statues. The painting alone cost over one thousand dollars. In the center of the room is a large and beautiful marble wash-stand, with a marble pyramid nine feet high, on top of which is a candelabrum with fourteen lights or globes, and one on the very top being red. In front of every chair are two lights. On each stand is a silver castor with four bottles. The shaving-cups used by the workmen are of silver; the brush has also a silver handle, and can be taken apart. The cup-case is undoubtedly the largest in the country, holding five hundred cups, and most of them are used. The coat-room is in the back part, separate from the shop; the coats being passed in by the brush-boy through a large window to one in charge of the said room. When some of the workmen are at leisure they often go to the coat-room to rest or smoke, as they are not allowed to sit around the shop and smoke.

Of the bathing department of this establishment, I copy from the *St. Louis Dispatch* of December 1st, 1876, the following description by the reporter of that journal:

Lavatory Luxuries—Opening of an Institution for the Purification and Pleasure of Mankind.

The Turkish bath has been written about perhaps as much as any other

pleasurable institution, either in the Orient or Occident. Mark Twain was the first one to give it a prominent footing among literary Momuses of this country, since which time scientific men have critically analyzed its properties, and entered their opinion, which in brief is, that hygienically and comfortably speaking, the Turkish bath is a blessing for which a Thanksgiving Day should be especially set apart.

Every city of decided metropolitan taste and population has its Turkish bath: the finest one belongs to San Francisco; the most successful, perhaps, to Chicago; but the most perfect, pleasure-dispensing, complete and satisfactory one, belongs to Prof. Wm. Roberson, the proprietor of the barber shop attached to the Lindell Hotel. A reporter of the *Dispatch* made an examination of this establishment to-day, and the result is found in the following:

Prof. Roberson has been engaged for nearly two years preparing his bath-rooms, giving the most complete study to ventilation, light, comfort and general result, and has built his bath-rooms on the most scientific principles, which may readily be perceived by anyone passing through the institution.

He has studiously refrained from making any mention of his establishment until now, owing to the incompleteness of its minor details, but now he is ready and invites inspection. The Turkish bath-rooms are immediately underneath the barber shop, and may be entered either from Washington avenue or through the ladies' entrance of the Lindell Hotel. The first apartment reached by the descent from the barber shop is the cooling-room, which is one of the most magnificent apartments of the kind in this country. Here are the dressing-cases and lounges; the room is beautifully lighted by sky-lights and recess windows, in which are flowers, aquariums, etc., and on the sides are hung plate-glass looking-glasses in such a manner that occupants command a view of all the entrances without themselves being observed. The ventilation of the room is simply remarkable. The painters were at work when the reporter entered, but the ventilation is so perfect that not the slightest odor from the paint or varnish was perceptible.

The rooms—four in number—through which the bather passes for the various degrees of heat, are so arranged that the doors to each are left open at all times, making a clear passage way, so that the increase of heat in entering and the decrease on coming out is so gradual that the effect is extremely pleasurable. In each room the light and ventilation is complete; in fact there is, perhaps, not another as well-ventilated Turkish bath establishment in the country.

In addition to the Turkish bath is the sulphur and steam bath, in which the arrangement is most complete, the details of which require more space than is now at command.

The electric bath, under charge of Dr. D. A. Kusel, is the finest institution of the kind in America. The arrangement is such that the operator has the electric currents under his own command, making it strike the body at any place or at any angle. It is the only one of the kind in the United States, and its perfection recommends it in a manner more forcible than any newspaper article.

In addition to these is an eight by twelve feet plunge-bath connected with the Turkish bath, the water of which is pumped up, let out and heated by steam. Then there are the regular bath-tubs of marble, copper and porcelain-lined iron tubs, and in fact baths of any kind and character, the arrangement of all being perfect in every respect. The barber shop is conceded by all travelers to be the finest in the country, and is in every respect perfectly magnificent.

The barber shop and bath-rooms will be open for the inspection of the public on Monday evening, at five o'clock, when they will be brilliantly illuminated and will present a grand appearance.

It is a brilliant sight to look at, when the establishment is in full glow at night. There are five different kinds of marble in the shop, and it is often called the Tonsorial Marble Palace. The lights that illuminate the establishment are forty in number. Too much praise can not be given to Prof. Roberson for his systematic manner and display of taste in presenting to the public such a complete establishment. It is undoubtedly the finest institution of the kind in the country, if not in the world.

There are several other first-class establishments in the city, among which is the Southern Hotel shop, which has nine chairs.

The Planters' House Shop has seven chairs; Mr. J. H. Gerhard has been its proprietor for over thirty years. He is well educated in both the German and English languages, and is comfortably well off.

The Laclede Hotel Shop has five chairs and as many bathing rooms. There is a novel feature in connection with the bathing rooms that attracted my attention, and the only establishment I visited that had anything of the kind.

The bathing rooms are in rotation, and over the entrance of each runs a shaft on which a revolving fan is attached, which is constantly running in the summer time; thus the rooms are kept cool and very comfortable. This is another luxury, and a very appreciable one I should judge.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Palace Hotel Shop, in the above city, is undoubtedly the finest establishment west of St. Louis. It has ten or twelve chairs, and is fitted up elegantly, costing nearly twenty thousand dollars.

The Montgomery Baths is one of the best and most complete institutions in the country.

There are several fine shops in the city, and they all do a good business and get good prices for their work, but no poor workman need apply in a first-class shop in the city of San Francisco. First-class workmen are nearly always in demand in the above city.

IN THE HOOSIER CAPITAL.

Our business in Indianapolis, like that in all other cities, is not very thriving at the present time. The trade in this city always has been good until a few years past.

For several years prior to 1874 Mr. William Russell, colored, controlled the business in this city, but like a good many other men, could not bear prosperity long enough to accumulate sufficient of that which in time of need is a friend indeed. Mr. R. by some mismanagement became rather reckless, so that he soon waved his hand and bid farewell to the good fortune before him. At one time Mr. Russell carried on three of the best shops in the city; at present he is out of the business.

Mr. Wm. Gulliver, colored, is also one of the oldest art-

ists in the city. He is well-off now, and can live the rest of his days without scraping another chin.

There are several good, and I may say first-class, shops here for a city of its size. Among the best are the following:

The Grand Hotel shop has six chairs and bathing rooms, and is fitted up rather plain but very neat and inviting. It is quite a large room and the best ventilated in the city. The establishment is carried on by the hotel, Mr. Harry Ashcraft being the manager. Mr. A. is a good business man, and a gentleman in every sense of the word.

Next is the Occidental Hotel shop, Mr. Philip Epstein, proprietor. This shop also has six chairs and bathing rooms.

The next is the Hotel Bates shop, Mr. E. Carter, colored, proprietor. This shop has seven chairs and bathing rooms, and is very neatly fitted up. Mr. C. carries on another shop on North Pennsylvania street of five chairs and bath-rooms.

Next is a shop in the Y. M. C. A. Building, Mr. I. B. Hettinger, proprietor. It has five chairs, and is to have bathing rooms.

Next is the firm of Brand & Harms, Circle House. This shop has also five chairs. This firm commenced here in 1870, and through their steady habits and strict attention to business have received their full share of patronage, and are comfortably well off.

Mr. Henry Heitkam was the leading hair-cutter here for years. He left his old quarters and has opened a very neat shop in Vance Block.

Mr. Victor Ware is continuing at the old stand.

Mr. John Sartoris has been in the business in this city for many years, and keeps a shop of four chairs under the old Franklin Building.

George Firling, lately deceased, was one of the oldest in the business here. Mr. F. came from Cincinnati twenty-three years ago, and opened a shop on the corner of Washington and Meridian streets, where he had always been until his death. He was well-off, leaving his family in very good circumstances.

The Enterprise Hotel barber shop, on Massachusetts avenue, has five chairs, and is carried on by Mr. Herman Jaekel, of Philadelphia, a man of fine qualities and a splendid scholar.

These comprise all the best shops in the city. The barber's trade in Indianapolis, like that of Chicago, has kept up with other business, showing just as much enterprise in this branch as in any other. To look at our business here to-day, and compare it with that of six or seven years ago, one would hardly realize the change. There is no inland city in the country in which such wonderful changes have taken place.

These statistics will readily show to those who are not informed of the character and magnitude of the business, that it requires, at the present time, not only money to open a first-class barber shop, but also a thorough business man to manage it. It requires really a man with more good qualities than most men require in any other business. In the first place he must have some education and business tact; in the second place, he should be polite, courteous and amiable—a man, indeed, who is able to go into any society and be looked to as an example of politeness and refinement. There are many of these men throughout the country, *but a certain class of society fails to recognize them*, often ignoring them entirely. It is not without regret that I am compelled at this time to speak of that class of society, but it is with the hope that in the future

prejudice and bigotry may be thrown aside and justice done to whom justice is due.

To illustrate or corroborate my statement, I will present one of the many rebuffs often displayed by that certain class: A young man attends a public or private ball; he is well-dressed, looks neat, intelligent and prepossessing. He attracts the attention of some high-toned young lady, whose feelings rise above the clouds, and whose haughty disposition and overbearing manners fail to meet the approbation of true society. She wishes to know what the young man's name is, and what his occupation may be—she wishes to form his acquaintance. She is told that his name is Mr. Williams, and that he keeps a barber shop around the corner or some other locality, to which she promptly replies: "O! a b-a-r-b-e-r! Never mind, I will form his acquaintance at some future time."

Many of my readers have no doubt been cognizant of this unbecoming and unjust treatment. Little that young lady may think or suppose that that very young artist may have sprung from just as high-toned family as she; that he may be just as well educated and informed as she is, and able to enter just as good society. Unavoidable circumstances might have led him to learn that particular trade, but he is no less a gentleman, a scholar, a man of honor, if he behaves properly, simply because he is a barber. It is very wrong to judge a man by his trade or the clothes he wears. Judge not lest ye may be judged. I am well aware that there are many men in our business who are not fit to mingle with good society, but we find such men in all trades and in all business; and why a barber should be excluded from first-class society, if he is deserving, is beyond my comprehension. I find, however, that the very class who often sneer at a barber are deprived of good common sense, learning, or even good manners,

save a little money with which to spread on style. I have always been treated with respect, whenever I deserved it, by the highly-educated class; but I have often been shunned under the same circumstances by that class which feeds on the husks of ignorance, protected only by their wealth.

THE LUXURY OF A GOOD SHAVE.

In our business, as in many other kinds, there is a feature which is generally appreciated by a certain class of custom. To them it is a source of pleasure, and is enjoyed, beyond doubt. This class of custom is composed of men of education and culture, whose sensibilities are keener than the very razor that smoothly glides over their intelligent faces; whose appreciation of that which is best and most pleasing to the delicate taste never fails to gleam from their unmistakable countenances. This class of custom is usually welcomed by the artist, and as soon as he enters the establishment can readily be told by him. Here comes one of these gentlemen. He generally bows on entering, or bids the time of day to those present, and especially to the particular artist who usually performs the pleasant operation. He generally takes off his coat, takes the chair he prefers, and the operation commences. A long clean cloth is spread over his unspotted garments, while a small linen towel is tucked around the shining collar to prevent its soiling. As the customer lies back upon the celebrated Rochester or Archer chair, or some other number one chair, the following language may be read in the customer's countenance:

Shave me easy and fix me nice;

Take of your time, regardless of price.

The unmistakable appeal is answered by the artist's light and easy touch, and by the artistic manner in which he handles the keen-edged tool: so soothing to the customer

does the operation become, that it draws the great Morpheus to the scene of action, and in a moment more the invisible visitor has full and complete control of the prostrate customer, leaving him at the mercy of the artist. In this manner he remains until the first act closes, when a towel or sponge moistened with the refreshing "aqua" is applied to that part of the visage, driving away the sleepy god, when the customer fully awakens, feeling as fresh as a rose and as happy as a lord; then his smooth locks are combed in the latest style, and he pays his bill and starts off contentedly. Very often this class of customers turn out to be different from what the artist even may suspect. While they may look to be business men and men of high standing, many of them turn out to be men of game—bun-ko, etc. This class, however, are generally very liberal, and withal polite and courteous.

In the good old days of '66, until the Chicago fire, this class made the barber business lively in that city; but, as the *Tribune* stated, they received a special invitation to leave the city or desist from their unlawful business. They accepted the advice of the city fathers and took a walk to other parts. This is one reason for the falling off of the business; but there are other reasons. We must not forget that hair-dyeing has nearly died out. Within the last four or five years hair-dyeing has absconded from our gaze. Not one man out of a thousand that used to have his whiskers colored thinks of doing so at present, and more especially on account of our Centennial year. Gray or white hair is now *a la mode*. George and Martha Washingtons are all the rage. Well, George was a sensible man; besides, hair-dye was then unknown. Still another reason, and that is, the style of wearing the hair much shorter than in former times. For the last six or seven years the Boston cut, once so called, or the "feather-edge," as it is called

at present, has been the favorite cut. It is a very neat style, and very becoming to some persons, but to others it looks very ugly and unbecoming. It would not be to the credit of any hair dresser who would advise a customer to have his hair feather-edged if his head was not the right shape for it, or if he knew especially that it was not becoming at all. In the genuine Boston cut, the neck is not shaped on the sides with the razor, and I would suggest the adoption of the original cut or style: trim or shape the hair only to the lower part of the ear, and below that trim the neck short with scissors.

There is one fault with many hair cutters that I wish to mention. When they are asked to cut the hair feather edge, they cut it scalp edge, or some other edge besides feather edge. They cut the hair as short very near to the crown as they do on the neck. It does not look neat, neither does it conform to the feather edge style. One other fault with the majority of hair cutters is, that they cut the hair generally too short. This is a constant complaint of the customers. A little more caution in this direction would prevent so much fault-finding of the customers. The present style does away with a great deal of hair oil, bay rum and other perfumery used in former times. These causes make a great deal of difference in the business; besides the barber shops have become so numerous that the trade is necessarily much divided; and with all the depression of business at present on account of the financial crisis, it is no wonder that the barber business should be dull. But there is one other reason which I deem it very essential to mention. There are hundreds of barbers, and I am safe in saying thousands of them, who by a great mistake and not by profession call themselves barbers, whose proper sphere is on a farm, in a blacksmith shop or at some other laborious occupation. They neither

have the taste, tact, patience or politeness required of a first-class workman. In fact, the great majority of them never learned enough of the trade to know the first principles of it. The time was when an apprentice had to serve three years to learn the trade, but at the present time three or six months seem sufficient, so they think. This accounts for so many workmen being out of employment. This class of one-horse barbers very often crowd out many first-class workmen whose experience in business should assure them constant employment. I know of no way to remedy this imposition, as I may so call it, only through the

BARBERS' UNIONS.

I am in favor of these Unions for several reasons: First, because they are beneficial to the fraternity, not only in a business point of view, but also morally and socially. Second, because through the Unions the class I have just alluded to may receive the proper attention and be placed where they properly belong. Third, because a general or mutual fund might be organized or established which would benefit the fraternity materially and help especially those who through misfortune are left at the mercies of the populace. These are the main reasons that I can give. But while I am in favor of these Unions, I do not wish to see them trifled with. I wish to see them upheld in all earnestness and conducted with sincerity and firmness. A Grand Union Lodge might be started in some large city, and also the mutual fund referred to.

I noticed in the article of the *Tribune* that a movement was on foot to compel the barbers to work on a per centage. Experience has taught many a proprietor that this thing of working on halves will not do. I will give a few reasons: First, a shop of six chairs, for instance, is liable to change men once in a while, and sometimes very often; those who

happen to stay any length of time naturally monopolize the custom of the shop, while the newcomer, though he may be just as good a workman, often fails to get his share of work. Second, if the chairs are all occupied and a man with long hair enters the shop, each man feels that he ought to get at the stranger's hair so that he may profit by the bill, consequently they will hurry as much as possible, and very often slight the customer in the chair in order to get the other in. This does not pay in any shop; it only drives away customers. If business is dull the best way is to reduce the wages or do with less men until business improves. But to put the men on a per centage, there are only a few shops that can do it successfully.

HOW THE WORK SHOULD BE DONE.

There is only one way to do everything right, and that is, the right way. In our business, as in all others, there is no exception to this rule. In watching a mechanic at work, we may be able to detect how hard or how easy it is for him to perform his labor. There is no artizan who is so closely watched at his work as the barber; and the customer who constantly patronizes the barber shop can generally tell by the manner in which the artist works what kind of a workman he is.

As I wish to benefit every man who is in the business, and give him the worth of his money if he should buy this book, I wish to give him all the information I can regarding the trade. We know very well that there are many inefficient workmen in the business—some who had not proper teaching while learning the trade, and others because they do not pay particular attention to the work. A boy commencing to learn the trade has the idea that he can learn it in six months' time, and feels able then to open a shop for himself. I would advise any boy wishing to

learn the trade never to think so. A boy may learn the rudiments of the trade in a year, but that is when he really only commences. Six years is more likely to be the proper time necessary to learn it thoroughly than six months. It is the practice that is required, and not merely the idea how it should be done.

SHAVING.

The first thing to be done when a customer takes the chair, is to put it in the right position, so that he may rest easy. Then the cloth is spread over him and a small towel tucked around the neck in the easiest possible manner; then follows the lathering. The lather should never be made in the cup, but on the face. The cup should be well rinsed, and the tips of the brush passed over the soap. Many barbers fill the cup full of lather before they touch the face with the brush; you not only waste soap, but are apt to slobber the towel, besides it is not proper. The face should be lathered but once, but we have few soaps that will stand long enough without drying. Williams' soap will do it, while I also found another soap in Covington, Ky., made by Heckman & Co., that will stand first-rate. I tried it by the side of the Williams soap; it did not stand as long, but came closer than any other soap I tried. Those who make barbers' soap think they must make an article that will raise lather to the top of the cup by two or three revolutions of the brush, but they never will succeed with such an idea in their heads.

The proper position for shaving is an upright one, with no bending of the body whatever. Many workmen bend right over and sometimes rest the elbow on the person of the customer; this position looks very bad, and is not only uncomfortable for the operator but also for the customer.

Shaving has its natural regulations. Some customers

like to be shaved fast and some slow ; and some artists shave fast and some slow ; consequently when a workman finds out how a customer wishes to be shaved, it is an easy matter to please him if the artist knows his business. The size of razor used should be considered, especially if the face is tender. A large-size razor will shave a heavy beard and tough skin first-rate, but a tender face should inevitably be shaved with a small razor. There is considerable spring to a large thin razor, and it is that spring that causes it to pull, though it may have a good edge on. Concavers should be very careful and not get the blade too thin. If a razor is middling wide it should not be ground too thin, but a small and narrow razor will bear the blade a little thinner.

Wiping the Face.—After shaving, take the small towel from the neck and place the long cloth in its stead. Wet the end of the towel in cold water and remove the lather well, then if the customer wishes bay-rum, apply in the same manner, but never apply the bay-rum first unless directed to do so by the customer. On a tender face strong bay-rum sometimes irritates the skin instead of soothing it, but by applying the water first it takes somewhat of the soreness out, and the bay-rum afterwards is not so severe. Bay-rum has a tendency to heal the skin, and for that reason is so commonly used. In wiping the customer's face, the lips especially should be wiped dry ; this is very often neglected. If the lips are left wet the whole face feels the same way.

HAIR DRESSING.

The art of hair dressing is very much unlike that of shaving. It is not always the case that a number one shaver is a number one hair dresser ; the former may have the tact, but the latter must have the taste. The hair should be well brushed before applying any dressing to it ; then

it should be wet if the customer desires it, and the oil then applied should it be wanted. The oil should be applied first on the temples and front of the hair; the reason of this is that it requires a little more in front on account of exposure to the atmosphere, it drying more rapidly there. When the hair is wet and oiled, it should be well brushed all over before parting, for three reasons: 1. Because the wetting of the scalp invariably makes it itch, besides, the great majority of customers enjoy having the head well brushed; 2. Because in brushing the hair it becomes limber and soft, and it can be dressed much easier by the artist—this is one particular feature of a number one hair dresser; 3. Because in applying the dressing, the ears, forehead, and neck become oily, and when the hair is brushed in the last round, it should be brushed up toward the crown, and then with a towel clean the forehead, ears and neck well. This act is invariably appreciated by the customer. The brush should always be used in the right hand and the comb in the left, unless in the case of left-handed workmen.

HAIR CUTTING.

The most difficult part of the business is that of hair cutting, and this branch is criticised more than any other. Hair cutting, like hair dressing, requires taste and skill. The French hair cutters are supposed to be the *best in the world*. This fact clearly demonstrates that great taste as well as skill is required for this branch of the business. We find many number one shavers among the colored workmen, but in hair cutting they are deficient to a certain extent. The Germans display a great deal of taste in hair cutting and hair dressing, and there are more number one German barbers in this country than of any other nationality; they naturally take to the trade. The Irish do not take to the trade as well, and they are not as numer-

ous, but when we come across a good Irish barber he is generally as near perfection as he can be. The best barber that ever worked in the city of San Francisco, California, was an Irishman. The trade came naturally to him—he was all taste, so to speak. The Germans take more pains in trying to please their customers than any other nationality; they are more persevering and good-natured. The French are more independent, and stand more on their dignity. They will try to please, but in their attempts to do so, should they perceive that they have made a failure, they become irritable, and often will use words in their own tongue not found in the dictionary.

The position in hair cutting, like that in shaving, is upright, and should be as natural as possible. It looks very bad and awkward to see a hair cutter all twisted out of shape, and making all kinds of faces every time he opens and closes the shears. There are some workmen who look graceful at their labor, while to others it is hard work. A man who does his work easily and tastefully, you can depend on, and put him down as a first-class artist; but one who puts himself all out of shape in cutting a head of hair is lacking in the trade very materially.

Having already spoken of the different styles of hair cutting, it needs no further mention, except that in trimming a full beard at the temples, where the hair joins, it should never be cut across—the hair should always join the beard. This is one great fault with some hair cutters; a little more caution in this respect would prevent fault-finding, which is very often unavoidable on the part of the customer.

SHAMPOOING.

Though this part of the business appears to be very easy to perform, many workmen fail to do it right; they will slobber everything all over, and often do not clean the

head as well as they should. In the first place the shampoo should be made right, so that it may foam well and easy; secondly, the head should be rubbed well all over, and it would be better in nearly all cases to use a hair-brush, but one not so stiff as to irritate the scalp. Soft water should be used whenever it can be had. Oil silk cloth should be adopted for shampooing purposes, the rubber ones being too heavy for that use.

MANUFACTURERS OF GOODS FOR THE TRADE.

THE ROCHESTER OR ARCHER CHAIR.

The business of this firm was started some twenty years ago in Rochester, N. Y., by Robert W. and George W. Archer. At that time they personally made all the goods they sold. They increased their business until the firm of R. W. Archer & Brother, and the reputation of their barber and dental chairs, was known throughout the United States and a large part of Europe. By the death of R. W. Archer, in 1873, Geo. W. Archer succeeded to the entire business, and now owns and occupies his present factory, a handsome brick building 50 by 90 feet, with seven floors, in which he has all the improved labor-saving machinery, and employs about seventy-five hands, besides giving employment to a large number outside. As I went through the establishment I was amazed to see how extensive, complete, and systematic every department was. The business of the firm amounts to one hundred thousand dollars per year, and he is now shipping his barber and dental chairs nearly all over the world, having regular agents in Great Britain and Germany. Mr. Archer has just brought out an entirely new specimen in the barber chair line, (we refer to the center cut, No. 5, in his advertisement on the outside cover), which is made of iron, and so adjusted that each part can be separated to facilitate shipping in large quantities. The chair attracted my attention considerably. It is handsome and the most convenient barber chair ever

offered to the trade, and at the same time the lowest priced adjustable chair in the market. I advertise the Rochester or Archer chair from principle. It is the best chair, in my estimation, in the world, consequently I feel to speak of its merits. I have worked on the said chair for years, and I wish no better. It is easy to sit in, easy to manage, durable, well built and finished, the material used being the best that can be had, therefore it is the cheapest chair in the market and the best that can be found.

All the genuine Rochester or Archer chairs have the name of the firm on the castings, and can be purchased through any first-class furniture dealer or from the firm direct.

WILLIAMS' BARBERS' BAR SOAP.

Nearly everything that has been used in our line of business for the last twenty-five years has undergone an improvement to some extent, save one article, namely, "Williams' barbers' bar soap." Furniture, razors, perfumeries, hair-oils, cosmetics and powders—all these have been improved; but there is one article that has been in use all these years that shows a remarkable record, and whose original creation was so perfect that improvement appears to have been impossible. The article in question is the soap mentioned above. Notwithstanding several attempts have been made by several parties to surpass it, the result shows an utter failure to even equal it in any particular. It is a high-priced soap, but has always proved to be the cheapest.

This famous soap is manufactured by J. B. Williams & Co., at Glastonbury, Conn., who are successors to "Williams & Brother," of Manchester, Conn., the originators of the "Genuine Yankee Soap," which has had a successful run of over thirty years. Of this famous soap it is not necessary to speak; so great was its popularity that the man-

ufacturers were induced to prepare a soap specially for the use of barbers, which under the name of "Williams' Barbers' Bar Soap" has for nearly twenty years been the favorite with the craft; which though costing more per pound than some others, is probably quite as economical as any, and far more pleasant to the customer—this we know from actual experience, having used this famous soap a number of years. A Philadelphia barber recently stated that his "boss," who was using a cheap soap, forbade him using "Williams' soap," even at his own expense, because so many of his customers preferred to be shaved with it, and would not let the other workmen shave them. It is safe to say that the leading barbers in the country use it, and as a *family toilet soap* it is fast displacing the impure but highly-scented trash with which the country is flooded. Its absolute purity, and the rich, creamy, softening quality of the lather it produces, are its essential excellencies. One lathering is sufficient for shaving.

The same firm manufactures numerous other soaps which are perfectly pure, and are considered by the public as superior to the innumerable brands made by other parties. The Bath Soap has gained a wide-spread notoriety, and the manufacturers may well be proud of the favor in which it is held by the public. We can testify to its good qualities and the healthy glow and sensation it imparts, because we have used it ourselves.

The following is a list of the soaps manufactured by J. B. Williams & Co.: Genuine Yankee Soap, Tonsorial Soap, Pocket Shaving Soap, Clipper Shaving Soap, Barbers' Favorite, Perfumed Pumice Soap, Poncine Soap, Bath Soap, Verbena Cream Tablet, all of which are highly approved by those who have used them.

THE WESTERN BARBER CHAIR FACTORY.

The above manufactory is located in the city of St. Louis,

No. 107 South Second street. The proprietors are Henry Arnd & Bro., who for many years have been in business in the said city. I visited the establishment and went all through it and examined every department thoroughly, and found it to be quite an extensive establishment carried on in a very systematic manner.

One of the annoyances of life of which ladies, happily for them, are exempted, is the trouble of shaving. Bad coffee, burnt steak in the morning, etc., are enough to ruffle a temper; but a dull razor and a three days old beard are more than the most serene and amiable disposition can stand without at least thinking of some language not to be found in the vocabulary of names. Men who love ease, comfort and luxury, soon learn to appreciate and enjoy the manipulations of a scientific professor of the tonsorial art; but all the enjoyment of an easy shave, and the luxury of being nicely barbered, do not depend on the keenness of the instrument and the delicacy of touch of the knight of the razor alone—the subject must be comfortably seated in a chair that will not make a crick in his neck, a stitch in his back, and a feeling generally that old age has caught him.

The Western Barber Chair is one of the best chairs in the country, and I take pleasure in recommending it to the public. It is a chair in which a customer can take his ease and feel comfortable. It is raised and lowered to suit both the operator and the subject upon whom he is at work.

Messrs. Arnd & Bro. have been in business many years, and it has become so much increased by the constant demand for their goods as to compel them to secure the spacious quarters where they are now located, and are able to meet the demand in their line in a very satisfactory manner. The building is four stories high, very convenient, and is occupied by this firm exclusively. They manufacture five

different styles of chairs, ranging in price from \$55.00 to \$22.50, all of which are well made and in good style.

The No. 4 Western Barber Chair is Mr. Arnd's invention, on which he has applied for a patent, and is one of the most perfect chairs that has ever been introduced, with the most perfect apparatus for adjusting to any desired position. The frame of this chair and stool is made of solid black walnut, elegantly carved, and both are beautifully upholstered with green or crimson plush, and the foot-boards of the stool lined with sheet brass. The "No. 3" is the same chair in a plainer style of finish.

The most complete assortment of everything that barbers use is to be found in this establishment—cabinets, cup-cases, shelves and mirrors, razors of every make, strops, brushes, combs, shears, signs, cups with plain and fancy labels, bottles, and Williams' and other soaps.

Messrs. Arnd & Bro. import the best China mugs direct, and have in their employ the most skilled artists in making labels to the same. Their samples are the best designed and executed of all that I have seen.

Messrs. Arnd & Bro. publish an illustrated catalogue and price-list, which they will mail on application. They are also western agents for the Archer or Rochester chair. It would be well for those wanting anything in the barber line to send for a price-list to this firm. "Promptness and fair dealing" is the watchword of the house.

SMITH BROTHERS.

In the Eastern States we found that the firm of Messrs. Smith Brothers, No. 349 Washington street, Boston, was the oldest and leading firm of cutlers and manufacturers and dealers in hair dressers' sundries.

This house was founded in 1840 by Mr. Andrew Weddel, a Scotchman, and exceptionally skilled practical cutler,

whose work obtained a fine local reputation. Returning to Scotland in 1854, he was succeeded by James Smith, his former apprentice, who, in 1857, being joined by his brother, John W. Smith, formed the present firm of Smith Brothers.

In examining the goods kept by this firm I found them superior in quality to those kept in any other establishment in the Eastern cities. They deal only in first-class goods, and they are bound to please all who will patronize them, and their prices are very reasonable. Smith Bros. publish a catalogue and price list, and will forward it to any part of the country on application.

BELL, MANN & CO.

Chicago has several firms of dealers in barbers' supplies. This business is carried on very extensively in that city from the fact that over four thousand barbers are to be supplied with everything pertaining to the trade; consequently this branch of business has become very prominent.

One of the best and most prominent firms in Chicago or the West is the above firm. Messrs. Bell, Mann & Co. have been in business for years; they are practical druggists, and manufacture very extensively everything in their line, but in the line of barbers' supplies they make a specialty, and keep a very selected class of goods and sell at reasonable rates. The large demand for this class of goods, in this part of the country especially, gives them a great advantage in the prices at which they sell their goods. It is always an advantage for a large firm that do an extensive business to undersell others not so extensive. Everything in the barber line, from a lather-brush to the Rochester barber chair, can be found in this house.

FURNITURE FOR BARBER SHOPS.

This is a branch of business that has been developed

very materially. The time was when a straight-back, ill-made, poorly-furnished barber chair was good enough to sit in and get a shave; we call it a shave, but our imaginations are rather vivid in this connection; however the best is not too good at present.

Mr. Phil. Laudенbach, of Cincinnati, commenced the manufacture of barbers' furniture several years ago. Being a man of limited means he had to do all his own work, and it was an up-hill business with him; but like all good and persevering mechanics he kept on steadily. He commenced to manufacture cup cases for the shops. They were made in such a novel manner that they soon attracted the attention of the barbers, and they commenced to give orders for them. Having built up quite a reputation on cup-cases, he turned himself loose on looking-glasses, to use the common expression; he not only made a superior article in the latter line, but he sold them so cheap that the artists began to take their common ones down and order Laudенbach's. In this way he has built up a trade that deserves mention. Mr. L. employs several first-class workmen and is doing a splendid business. His prices for mirrors that he makes to order are simply astonishing; had he not told me, I would not have believed that mirrors for which others would charge \$30 he sells for \$20 and \$22, and all his furniture in proportion. This is no doubt the cause of his success to a considerable extent. Mr. Laudенbach is the only manufacturer of barbers' furniture in the West that I found.

HECKMAN & CO.'S BARBER SOAP.

Williams' barbers' bar soap has been one of the many luxuries that the barbers have been permitted to use for a good many years, and it is indispensable to-day; but there are some other soaps that are making their way in the mar-

ket fast and giving pretty good satisfaction. While they are not as good as the above soap, they are cheaper in price, and there are those who will buy a cheaper soap even if it is not quite so good as the best.

I tested several soaps made by different firms, and as I said before, found some that would give pretty good satisfaction; among them that made by the firm above mentioned is one, and my opinion is that it comes as near Williams' as any I ever tried. Heckman's soap when well dried I consider a number one article; it is cheaper than Williams', for Mr. Heckman acknowledges that the latter is the best soap made in the world. Mr. H. sells his soap at eighteen to twenty cents per pound. He related a little incident that happened in a town where he went to introduce his soap. Mr. H. can make a good soap, but he is a poor hand to introduce it himself. He is a plain man, a German by birth, and of a quiet disposition. He went into a barber shop in a certain town and asked one of the workmen if he wanted to buy any barber soap. The man told him no, he didn't want any. Mr. H. remarked that he had a very good soap and would like to have him try it. The artist said it would be of no use, as they always used Heckman's, and would have no other. As the man uttered these words Mr. H. smiled, and pulling a card from his pocket presented it to the astonished artist, and everything was made satisfactory. Every man to his trade; a card from a traveling man will save a great deal of talk and time, and will be decidedly more effective; but anyhow, Mr. H. came out victorious.

CONCAVING.

If there is a class of men in the country who get raked over the coals it is the concavers. There are but few of these men in the country who can do the work to satisfac-

tion; they either go contrary to the instructions they receive, or else carelessly take the temper from the razor. One of the best and most reliable firms I found in the West in this branch of business was that of Wm. Autenrieth, of Cincinnati, Ohio. It is a firm I had not heard much of, as it is advertised very little. Here I found as good work as I ever saw in the country. Mr. A. has in his employ men who have worked in Sheffield and in the best and most extensive establishments in the Eastern cities. Mr. Autenrieth showed me a razor that one of his men made which was the best finished I ever saw, without any exception. The pair are worth ten dollars. Mr. A. presented one of the razors to Dom Pedro of Brazil. When in that city the Emperor went through the establishment, and seemed to be very much pleased and interested in every department. This firm makes a specialty also of surgical instruments, and is one of the largest in the country, employing from fifty to sixty hands. I examined the concaving and considered it as good as can be found. There is one advantage in this firm—they will make a razor to order just as a person wants it, and at very reasonable rates. The number is 71 West Sixth street.

SOME OF THE OLD VETERANS.

In giving the statistics of the business, I have probably failed to speak of some of the most celebrated artists of to-day. In giving the history of some of these men, it is those whose energy and taste for improvement cannot be surpassed; they deserve all the credit for bringing the business to what it is; but as far as their workmanship is concerned there are many young artists to-day that surpass them in a great measure.

One of the oldest and best for his time was Andrew

Medeiros. Mr. M. carried on business in Lawrence, Mass. At present he is a farmer. He is a Portuguese by birth, a native of the Azores.

Another is Mr. Dudley Chase, of Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. C. is one of the highest Masons in the country. He is an American and talented.

Mr. Victor Gay, of Chicago, is a Frenchman.

Mr. James Healy, of Boston, is an Irishman, a good scholar and very well posted in everything pertaining to the business. He is in this city at present. He has had several good shops in Boston and other cities.

Mr. William Fisher, of Chicago, seven or eight years ago, was considered the best barber in that city.

Mr. Joseph Ward, of Chicago was considered one of the best hair cutters in the West at that time.

There are many other of these old veterans, but I have not their names.

I do not feel disposed to mention any of the young artists of to-day. I never like to praise myself; besides boys must be seen, not heard. I'm willing to stand back, boys, if you are.

STATISTICS OF THE BUSINESS IN AMERICA.

There are 125,000 barbers in this country, and 50,000 barber shops, which, at an average cost of \$300 per shop, amounts to \$1,500,000 invested in the business. There are 5,000,000 people who shave, at an average of seventy-five cents per month, which amounts to over \$46,000,000 per year! Not so insignificant a business after all.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE ARTIST.

Shave, sir? Take this chair,

And I'll fix you up nice.

Think I've seen you before;

Know I have once or twice.

Your hair is pretty long,

May I not trim it off?

Has not been cut for a month;

It begins to look rough.

Your head is pretty dirty,

Will you have a shampoo?

It needs it pretty badly,

And you'll feel better, too.

We have a new preparation,

The nicest ever was made;

Would you like to try a bottle?

It puts all others in the shade.

Good day, Sir; please call again,

We'll try to please you ever;

Not often we get a customer

So pleasant, kind and clever.

THE MANIAC'S CONFESSION, AND THE BARBER'S RETRIBUTION.

A DRAMA THAT ENDED WITH CUSTER'S BLOODY DEATH.

The human face is a reflector—or rather a mirror—of the past and present of its owner, and some men enjoy the remarkable faculty of reading the lights and shades, the joys and sorrows, that have crossed one's path by looking attentively upon the upturned visage.

When Custer and his three hundred brave followers yielded up their lives by inches, a character possessing the remarkable faculty above mentioned fell with the others. He was a man about forty-three years of age, and had followed barbering almost all his life. When quite young he was married to a sweet tempered, timid little creature, whose gentleness attracted the eye of a smooth-tongued libertine, who laid his hellish plans, and in an evil hour blighted the young life of the wife unknown to the idolizing husband. She sinned but once; the cup of her happiness congealed, and like an ice-cake of wormwood rested on her young soul until her effort at secresy turned her brain, and at times she was a raving maniac.

One night, while watching by her bedside alone, she suddenly became rational, and for the first time the young husband was made aware of the cause of his wife's madness. She began her story, pitiful indeed; she related the history of her guilt—how the vulture had enticed the dove from her mate—but before the name of him who had wrecked their happiness had been divulged, another fit of madness seized her, and when the husband lifted his bowed head death was holding her to his cold breast—the light of life had gone out.

The wronged and unhappy husband was a mute as far as his wrongs were concerned. No one knew the cause of his wife's insanity save himself. He of course kept his own secret, but in the shop his comrades saw that he was a heart-broken and a very wretched man. When asked why he did not leave the place for awhile, for a different clime and scenery, he would answer, "I am waiting, hoping to meet some one."

But years rolled away, and the barber, though still broken-hearted, lived in the hope of wreaking a terrible revenge on him who had wrecked his happiness and murdered his child-wife.

The time came. It was in a Western town. He was still barbering for a living. One day a man entered the shop and took a seat for a shave. The moment the barber looked down into his face something said to him, "This is the face of the villian you have waited years to see; convince yourself before you wreak vengeance upon him." The barber turned deathly pale and stepped back from the chair. After a moment's pause he said in a joking manner:

"A fellow was here this morning who, in conversation, spoke of once being in B——, and having heard of a barber whose wife became a maniac over a little love affair."

The stranger changed position, and looking the barber in the face, who was stropping his razor, said:

"I suppose I am the man she loved, or rather I am the man who enticed her away from her husband's love and started her feet down the avenue of death."

No person was in the shop at the time save the wretched barber and the doomed customer.

Calmly the barber continued stropping his razor, which gave him time to lay his plans for revenge. After all was arranged in his own mind, he stepped to the door, closed it, and returned to his chair, and after placing the unsus-

pecting victim in a position to suit his deadly purpose, stooped, and as he whispered in the ear of the death-doomed man something that paled his cheeks, the barber grasped him by the hair with his left hand, while with his right he drew the keen razor across his throat, almost severing his head from his body, and leaving the dead victim in the chair, he left the shop, locking the doors and dropping the curtains. * * * * *

Night was settling about the Western village when the horrible news of the barber-shop tragedy was discovered—two weeks after it had been committed. The barber had given out that he had sold his shop to a stranger, and public opinion said it was a case of suicide. But when Custer and his forces fell there was a daring recruit fell with them; it was the barber who had patiently waited for time and fate to throw vengeance in his way, which they did as recorded above.

M. CHABASOL, A FRENCH HAIR CUTTER, MIS- UNDERSTANDS A CUSTOMER.

About the year, 1850, M. Chabasol, a French hair cutter of great renown, was plying his trade in Lawrence, Mass. He enjoyed the reputation of being, not only the best hair cutter in the realm, but the most perfect gentleman.

The incident about to be related took place in July. The day, of course, was sultry, and a drowsy sensation seemed to come over every person. Even M. Chabasol felt sleepy, and a lull in business increased the desire to take a nap. He seated himself in the great chair, but just as he permitted his head to sink back upon the cushion the Rev. Dr. D——n entered, breaking into M. Chabasol's

trip with Morpheus. The Rev. Dr. D——n was in no hurry; he wanted an easy shave and “just a little of his flowing locks clipped off.” He wore his hair almost to his shoulders.

M. Chabasol was very polite to all, but when the reverend gentleman entered he did the French “to a dot.”

After seating himself in the easy chair, Rev. Dr. D——n cautioned Chabasol against the possibility of cutting too much off his hair, and tried to explain to the Frenchman by measuring on his finger how much he wanted taken off. But alas for poor Chabasol, who could not understand English any too well, he mistook the Rev. Doctor’s explanation, and by the time he had fairly got to work he discovered that the good man was fast asleep. “*Je couper le cheveux tres bien, oui Monsieur?*”

Alas for poor Chabasol! Alas for poor Rev. D——n. The doctor slept and Chabasol wielded the wicked shears. Instead of cutting the smallest possible tips off the ends, he cut the long locks close to the minister’s scalp, saying the while, “*Ci very mouch nice.*”

O horrible mistake! O wretched and confounded barber! O thunder-stricken minister, who fell asleep thinking of the sermon he would deliver on the morrow (for the fatal day was Saturday)! Had Gabriel sent forth his trumpeter to awake the sleeping millions—had one of those very trumpeters paused at the shop of M. Chabasol and blown a blast—the Rev. Dr. D——n would not have been more astonished than when he awoke and viewed himself in the huge mirror before him. Great horrors! what did it mean? One look at the ruined locks on the floor, one look of reproach at the poor Frenchman who just began to see his mistake, was all that passed between them, for M. Chabasol, grinding his teeth, sank into a seat, and covering his face with his hands gave vent to his rage in the follow-

ing picked words: "*Sacre! devils! imps! angels! Vat you call him—Frenchman von grand mistake, vat by gar!*"

The good doctor saw how terribly worked up over the wretched mistake M. Chasabol was, but curbed his ill-feeling and passed the matter off as a good joke, which M. Chabasol never could see.

THE BARBER'S APPRENTICE.

THE TALE OF A TRAVELER.

I was traveling through the Western States in 1856. It was summer and very warm. I arrived in a small village—large enough, however, to support a barber shop—just at noon, and after dinner the landlord, in answer to my question, "Is there a barber shop in your place?" replied, "O yes, Hans Augenhousen has a fine shop just around the corner."

After taking a nap in my chair, for I had passed the previous night in a stage-coach, I hunted up the coveted establishment. When I entered I found that the shop contained but one chair, in which an old man was reclining, while a boy, who proved to be the barber's son and apprentice, was making rather awkward motions toward a leather strap; he evidently was trying to "strop" his razor. The customer was sleeping away soundly, with a little less than a pint of common soap lather hunting its level down the customer's neck. Fritz—for that was the boy's name—was very awkward, and in stropping his instrument he accidentally cut his finger. The blood flowed freely, and the boy was somewhat vexed. He had placed a towel about the neck of the sleeper, which by some means had become disarranged, in righting which he unintentionally

besmeared the customer with blood. Undaunted, however, Fritz continued his labor, but the razor had a wretched edge and "pulled," so that the sleeping customer awoke with pain. When his eyes opened, and he first caught sight of himself in the mirror before him, he saw the blood; his wild imagination ran away with him, and his first thought was that the boy had cut his throat. He did not pause to make any explanation, but leaping from the chair he shot out of the shop door and down the street like mad, screaming murder! murder! murder! It was an exciting time in the village. He was finally caught, and on examination found to be unhurt. Fritz, who was as badly frightened as the customer, rushed into the house and awaking his father from a sound sleep explained all.

The old man hunted up the frightened customer and brought him back to the shop, and after getting him in the chair gave vent to the following soothing language:

"Vat for you run away, Mr. Vat-you-call-him, hey?"

"Don't stop to talk to me about that matter now; I feel like I had been murdered, buried and resurrected, and beside my nerves are not very steady. If you have any way to get this lather off, that has baked like lime wash on my face, please do it, and talk about the episode at some other time."

"Dat ish vat I spoke mit you. I has shust now got mit die postoffice mail man von express package by delegrafes dot contains von dozen of dat soap vot is called Villiams, und I soon vix you vashed mit dot soap, und shafe you dry mit mine old razor, vich is shust now vrum der marker's hant, of der name of Bengal Tigar. Ha, ha, hi, hi! You bet she cuts like der tivel."

The barber came off conqueror, and hung to his customer until the job was completed; customer going home blessing the Williams soap and the Bengal razor, as I also did.

THE FAULT-FINDING ARTIST.

Shave, Sir? Take a seat in the chair,
I'll have you all right in a trice.
You like it? I'm flattered, I swear;
But zounds! who has outraged this hair—
No barber! No, Sir, 'twas the mice.

No barber would haggle and hack
The locks of a gentleman thus.
'Tis plain a pretender or quack
Has clutched you, that is a fact—
The fellow who did it's a cuss.

You knew it? Well, yes, I would bet
That your wife or your mother-in-law
Has mentioned it oft in a pet,
As a slur on that "barberous set;"
But hold! What is this on your jaw?

He cut you! Well, yes, and quite deep;
The scamp must have been on a spree.
No doubt he was falling asleep,
Or else had the jim-jams a heap;
That fellow could never shave me.

How much? Two bits, if you please.
Just say to your friends where 'twas done—
That our chairs took the medal for ease—
That our oils are *oils*, not grease—
That we're having a land-office run.

The brush? Ah, yes! Rip-a-te-rap—slap;
Rip-a-te-clip, nip-a-te-slip—rop, bop!
That boy is a quick-motioned chap,
When you get him 'roused from his nap;—
He's an important tool in a shop.

THE AUTHOR'S TRIBUTE TO AMERICA.

If every man, woman and child who dwells in this great land of liberty could appreciate the great laws and principles that govern a country like this, they might become better satisfied with their lot and enjoy more peace, harmony and joy than they do. Show me a spot on earth where man can proclaim his rights and define his position as in America! Show me a spot on earth where man can bring forth his powers to the full realization of their true merits! Show me a spot on earth where a common people can obtain the knowledge and learning necessary to lead them to achievements and prosperity! And yet many of our people clamor to-day and are dissatisfied; they find fault with the country and its government. While men become corrupted and fail to enforce the laws of the people, and while reckless men run great risks in trying to gather all the wealth that they can possibly stow away in their coffers, the government—or at least the great principles that govern this great nation—is not responsible for any catastrophe that may befall the people at any time. In view of this, should we not, as a people, try to ameliorate the natural resources and confide more in ourselves and in our neighbors? What a happy people the American people ought to be, and how proud they should be of the garden-spot of the world—that which they dwell in!

I feel often to thank the Divine Providence that I am permitted to live in such a land as this. I often turn my eyes heavenward and thank the Infinite One who rules all and knows all best, for all I enjoy, under all circumstances. I look at our educational institutions with amazement, and at the same time with a tribute of praise for the manner and

grand system at which they are carried on. I might go back in search of those great and wise men of the East ; I might watch that guiding-star which pointed to the light of the world ; I might find after my search that my eyes were opened a little on my way back toward the setting sun ; I might stop at great Rome and view its beautiful churches and colossal buildings, and there I might stop and rest, with a feeble knowledge of some ancient cities and sacred places of the East—but should I stop there? No! Onward, an echo sounds, towards the setting sun shalt thou roam and find knowledge.

In calling America the garden-spot of the world, I do it with perfect confidence of any indisputable fact. If there is anything in this world that I feel to appreciate, it is education.

Education, thou art the jewel I seek.

For I always thought and believed that

It was my lot to be poor ;
Wealth had no charms for me ;
But if knowledge I could obtain,
What a happy being I'd be.

I claim that education is above everything else that is under the Supreme power. But I hear the good minister exclaim, Do you mean to say that education is above religion? I do, my good man ; had it not been for education you would not enjoy the religion that you do to-day. Which is the best and the most comforting and soothing religion that we enjoy to-day? That which comes through ignorance and superstition, or that which comes through knowledge or realization of truth?

Would that I could dwell longer on this theme ; for America, with her grand and glorious institutions, I have chosen as my dwelling-place. America, where freemen worship at the shrine of Liberty ; where fair Columbia

waves her banner bright; where the oppressed of every nation flee to seek protection under laws enacted to protect the right; whose gorgeous mountains with their snow-capped peaks bathed in the golden sunset's lingering rays; adown whose grassy slopes bright sparkling waters run leaping over golden sands, laughing amidst the silver-laden ores, winding through the groves of shady forest trees, and bounding over hidden fields of coal and iron. America, whose broad expanse spreads out from the Arctic regions of the north down to the sunny gardens of the south, and from the rough Atlantic's rock-bound shore to great Pacific's peaceful coast. America, upon whose broad prairies herds of cattle roam and fields of waving grain are grown, and orchards teem with ripening fruit. America, whose snow-white cotton-fields yield up to busy fingers fleecy down which whirling mills weave into wealth; where fragrant orange-groves hang laden with the golden fruit that clusters on each blossoming bough. America, where earth yields up to labor's magic touch such full returns; where all could have what all could want, and none should want what all should have.

This is America, broad in her wide expanse, rich in her boundless stores, full to the fullest measure of all the luxuries, comforts and delights of life. It seems that Nature had exhausted herself to fit this land of sunshine and of plenty for all her creatures' happiness. Sure this must be the home of justice, and where justice is no wrong can ever come.

Such is my adopted home, where all mankind have equal rights before the law.

TONSORIAL.

PART SECOND.

Although we are to speak of two different branches of the business at this time, they come under the same head. Hair dressing, relative to the dressing of ladies' hair, the French more properly call *coiffure*.

HAIR DRESSING.

As a matter of convenience, as well as of taste and fashion, the dressing of the hair has received much attention in all civilized nations, ancient and modern. The growth of hair on the sides and lower part of the male face, has caused some perplexity in management, and as a method of obviating the difficulty, shaving has been resorted to, although at the sacrifice of what nature gives to distinguish the male from the female countenance, and also to protect the respiratory organs.

HUMAN HAIR.

Woman's hair is the greatest ornament she possesses. All writers, ancient and modern, join in praising in the highest terms, the advantages that personal comeliness derives from a handsome head of hair. In all ages women have been deeply sensitive of their hair; and even when fashion decided that the flowing locks should be cropped, it was to be supplied with artificial but more luxurious ones.

From 1855 to 1865 many of our American ladies saw fit

to adopt the short-hair style. At that time the young men, of the Eastern States especially, used to have the hair curled with the curling-tongs when going to balls and private parties, as stated before, and as it was rather becoming it attracted the attention of the young ladies to a no small degree, and no doubt it was the very cause of many of the American ladies adopting the short-hair style; and although the style was very becoming to some, I could not consider it an improvement on the long loving tresses that so handsomely ornament its cultivating spot. But when we go back to the style of dressing the hair in a most hideous manner, we feel inclined to put the two side by side and reflect on them before we venture to offer much criticism. It was in the management of ladies' hair that the art of professional hair dressing was in those times mainly exercised.

In the eighteenth century, through the influence of French fashions, the dressing of the hair, male and female, was carried to a great pitch of extravagance and folly. The hair of a lady of fashion was frizzed up in convulsions and curls, decorated with ribbons, jewels and feathers, and filled with pomatum and powder to a degree of perfect monstrosity. As women of less exalted rank slavishly attempted to follow these absurdities, the business of dressing hair was extensively followed. The cost of a full dressing being, however, too high to be lightly incurred, often one dressing was made to last a week or two, during which period so much care was taken to preserve the greasy fabric undisturbed that it became the resort of insects. From pressure of business it frequently happened that previous to balls ladies' hair had to be dressed one or two days in advance, and to keep the head dressed uninjured, the lady would sit in her chair perhaps two nights instead of going to bed.

Such was ladies' hair dressing centuries ago. The fashion, however, changed, and the more common-sense style was introduced. In Europe to-day ladies' hair dressing is carried on more extensively than in America. The style, however, is rather modified from what it was three or four years ago. The hair was worn at that time puffed up and rather high on the head, and the hats worn then were small, showing still more the unreasonable manner of such dressing.

From 1866 or thereabouts to 1872, the good common-sense style was in vogue. I am glad to state that this same style is fast approaching again, when ladies will feel somewhat at rest in regard to the arrangement of their toilet. There has been no style in this country, for many years at least, that was more sensible and easy to arrange than the full-set curls style of the period referred to. The hair was combed back from the front, sometimes rolled, and a nice set of curls ornamented the back part. There is nothing in the way of hair dressing that looks more neat and becoming than a nice set of curls. This style is coming again, in my opinion, from the simple fact that for the last four or five years the hair has been combed in front; frizzes, called "Invisible" or "Saratoga," have been and are still worn to a considerable extent, and ladies began to cut the front of the hair, many of them looking as though they were ready to take the vehicle to the insane asylum. If ever any woman committed a dishonorable act, it was the above one—the most nonsensical idea that was ever concocted in the human brain. Wearing the hair so long in front gives a reasonable chance to believe that the style must soon change. When the style of tight dresses ceases to exist, naturally the style of wide or loose dresses comes in play; so it is with the hair, when it ceases to be combed front it must necessarily be combed back.

From 1870 to 1873-4, another delightful style made its appearance—the “Sea-grass” style. I can not refrain from saying a word, not from the French vocabulary, often used, neither from the English, for I never knew how, but such a ridiculous and absurd style I hope never to have any further occasion to speak of. The demand was so great for this class of goods, that the sea-weed would not grow fast enough, and they began to manufacture them out of fine straw. Many ladies did not feel that they were dressed up unless they had four or five pounds of straw on their heads; and some would wear them so long that they would become filled with insects. Is it any wonder that many of our American ladies lose their hair? Not at all. At that time it was not the class of goods that they asked for, but the weight—the more weight they got for their money the better they were satisfied. How silly? But it is too late; you did wear them, and then you wondered what made your hair come off! I do not say that the jute worn at that time was the cause in all cases of the hair falling off, for there are other causes, but I do say it never made any hair grow wherever it was used.

WHAT MAKES MY HAIR COME OUT?

This interrogation is made more frequently to the hair dresser than most any other relative to this part of the business. If answered, sometimes, correctly, the answer is not heeded, and is only to be repeated at some future time. There are several causes for the hair falling off. The first and most natural cause is, because it is hereditary in some families, and nothing under the sun will stop it from falling off. Second, because the scalp is diseased, and the roots of the hair become dead; there is no nutrition, consequently it must decay. Third, because no proper care is taken of the hair. The head should be kept clean and

healthy; this failure is very common. There are many ladies who do not have their heads shampooed as often as they ought to. Now, ladies, suppose I should tell you that you must not wash your faces for a whole week, giving for excuse that it would be better and healthier for you to do so, would you not naturally suppose that I was a fit subject for the insane asylum? And yet there are thousands of ladies who go six months and some a whole year without washing their heads. How contrary we will be to mother nature! How inconsistent we are to her laws!

Human hair has its history, and to many who never studied its singular freaks and peculiar traits, I will give, at this time, for the benefit of my readers, the historical facts of that insignificant and yet wonderful single hair. We may read and we may learn; we may have a pretty clear idea of the natural causes of certain wonderful things in this world, and yet the power that encircles us by day and night is so wonderful in its magnitude and vastness, that when the human mind ponders and reflects on its force, it leaves it in a state of astonishment and wonder. The Creator has made everything worthy of our investigation. Every natural object presents to the thoughtful mind a boundless fountain of knowledge, a single hair not excepted.

STRUCTURE OF THE HAIR.

Nature in its vast scope of mechanism has supplied all its objects and subjects with the proper resources and constructive measures. As we look around us we behold nature in its complete and perfect form. Nature is the great book of knowledge, and the more leaves we turn the more wonderful knowledge we obtain from its pages; therefore, let us study more this wonderful book, that we may receive the great blessing in store for us.

It is found that all parts of the body except the palms of

the hands and soles of the feet are organized for the growth of hair. The hair of the scalp and the beard are identical in structure with the almost imperceptible growth upon other parts of the body, except that while the former pierces the cuticle, and the root-sheath or follicle is below the skin and subcutaneous fat, or the fat flesh under the skin, the latter but slightly penetrates the scarf-skin, and is therefore of weaker growth. The hair follicle or sheath is constructed of three layers derived from the skin: A lining of scarf, a middle layer or sensitive skin, and the external or protective layer the corium or overlapping scales. The follicle or the opening of the inner suture is in the form of a sack, from which rises the papilla, the most important part of the follicle. It is a vascular substance, nearly round, and contains a system of nerves. Around this are clustered the cells and granules forming the root of the hair, which depends upon the life-action of the papilla for its future growth. In a state of health new cells are continually forming at the surface of the papilla; these push forward those preceding them, which, as they approach the surface of the skin, become hardened, forming the new hair.

COLOR OF THE HAIR.

It is rather difficult to ascertain how many different colors of human hair there are, but it is supposed that there are not less than five hundred different shades. The hair grows faster by day than by night, and continues to grow after a person dies. Hair contains sulphur and a large percentage of nitrogen. The presence of these ingredients may account for the unpleasant odor while burning.

THE LENGTH OF THE HAIR.

The length the hair may grow normally, especially in women, is very considerable. In the hair court of the In-

ternational Exhibition, 1862, there was exhibited a beautiful jet black hair switch which measured seventy-four inches. Cases occasionally occur when there is an abnormal abundance of hair; it is little more than down. The embalmed body of a hairy lady named Julia Pastrana, supposed to be a Mexican, was exhibited in London in 1862, and the following remarks we extract from a memoir on her in the *Lancet* for May of the same year:

“The ears and all parts of the face except the eyes were covered with hair of different lengths. The beard was tolerably thick, the hair composing it being straight, black and brittle; the part of it which grew on the sides of the chin hung down like two plaits. The upper portion of the back of the neck and the hinder surface of the ear were covered with hair. On the shoulders and legs the hair was as abundant as is occasionally seen on very powerful men. This was one of the most extraordinary cases that ever was exhibited.”

WHERE ALL THE IMPORTED HAIR COMES FROM.

There are several different opinions among the people who are not posted, in regard to how the false hair that is used in this country is obtained in Europe for the purpose of manufacturing it for the use of the women of the country. Some think that it is obtained from the deceased women and girls who have beautiful heads of hair; others think that there are girls having beautiful hair who go to the cities and offer it to the hair dresser for a pretty good sum. These ideas are not correct. Nearly all the hair that comes to this country from Europe is gathered by agents who go through the country and crop the hair from the heads of the peasant girls. These agents carry with them calicoes, ribbons, silks, jewelry and other things attractive to the class that they expect to deal with. Hardly any

cash is ever paid for raw hair gathered by these agents, unless for some extraordinary length that they can not obtain without an extra inducement.

PREPARING THE HAIR.

The best and most celebrated hair preparer in Europe, if not in the world, is Monsieur L. Pelleray, of Paris. The hair prepared by this house brings higher prices than that prepared by any other. It is more even, of finer quality and good weight. At the time of the Franco-Prussian war Mons. Pelleray lost nearly everything he had, but several of the leading importers of this country and England stood by the great hair man and set him going as before. He employs a great number of the best hair workers he can find. The factory is very large and the amount of business done in a year is simply astonishing.

THE LARGEST AND OLDEST HAIR IMPORTERS IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

One of the largest hair importers in England, if not in the world, is the firm of Havington & Sons, London. This house has existed for many years, and does a very heavy business. There are many heavy dealers in Paris, Brussels and other leading cities in Europe as well as in this country.

THE OLDEST IMPORTER IN AMERICA.

It was not until 1833 that the importation of human hair commenced in this country. The first importer of this class of goods was Louis F. Defgenier, of New York City, in the year referred to. Mr. D. commenced at No. 3 Exchange street, which is at present called Beaver street; he was there many years. In 1865 he moved his establishment to 596 Broadway, where he has ever since remained, and has been the heaviest importer in America. Mr. Defgenier is

no doubt one of the best judges of that class of goods in this country. He is very wealthy, and no doubt will soon retire from business. He is over seventy years of age, but yet active, attending to his business every day. He is a well-informed, pleasant, and very amiable gentleman.

Another very extensive establishment is that of Edward E. Tower of Boston. This firm has a branch in New York City, and no doubt is the largest firm at present in this country. Mr. T. commenced business a good many years ago, and being a very energetic man has accumulated considerable wealth. Though the business is pretty dull at present, and has been for at least three years, Mr. Tower keeps a large stock of goods on hand in order that he may supply the market, especially since so many firms have failed within four years.

Another large firm is that of John Thompson, in New York. This firm was embarrassed about two years ago, but Mr. T. effected a very satisfactory settlement, and has continued in business ever since, being rather successful considering the extreme hard times. Mr. Thompson has been in business for twelve or fourteen years.

Outside of Boston, New York and Philadelphia there are no large hair importing firms. From these three cities nearly the whole country is supplied with the best French, German and Italian hair, costing from seventy-five cents to one hundred and fifty dollars per ounce.

Hair is a luxury, and one that can not very easily be dispensed with in this age of the world; but while it is a luxury, and must be worn by ladies of fashion, it should be worn in the proper manner, and not be a cause of detriment to that part or place where it is to be arranged. In arranging the hair, it is not the quantity that is needed but the quality—use a little more discretion and common-sense. If you must roll your hair use the lightest puff there is—the hair puff is preferable because lightest.

SWITCHES.

Buying a hair switch is like buying a pair of Moses' spectacles, or any other number one make—you are sure to be satisfied; you may have to pay a little more, but a good switch is worth the money you pay for it. The difference in switches is this: When you ask for a long-stem switch you get it, no doubt; you pay a reasonable price for it—yes, it is a large and nice switch for the price, but any hair dresser who understands his or her business never warrants such a switch—it is not made like the short stem—the work is not in it. It is woven coarser and generally made of coarser hair; it is not often finished as it should be, consequently it is sold at a lower price. A short-stem switch is made quite differently. In the first place, the hair selected for this class of switches is of the first-class—fine and even; secondly, the weaving is finer and tighter; thirdly, the finishing is good and durable. The good or number one switches are or should be finished with the French twisted silk. There are but very few manufacturers of switches in this country who finish a switch properly. In this specialty I can safely say that Messrs. Medina Brothers stand unsurpassed in America or Europe. Many make the loop too long or too short, and some finish them with an inferior silk.

SELECTING A GOOD SWITCH.

Not one lady out of a thousand knows how to select a good switch. There is a secret in this, and if you'll keep it I will tell it to you—I know the ladies love to keep secrets. Well, here it is: When you take hold of a switch and it weighs pretty well, and don't puff out and make a big show, put it aside or hold to it until you decide what you want. If you examine that switch, you will find that there is considerable hair in it, but it is fine hair, therefore

it comes closer together and has the weight in it, as before stated; you will find, too, that the hair in it is more even. That is the whole secret of a good switch, and I hope many of my readers will profit by it. It always pays to buy a good switch—cheap ones never satisfy. This applies as well to curls, front pieces, wigs, etc.

VENTILATING.

The inventor of ventilating hair was a Frenchman by the name of M. Guizot, of Paris. His idea was to imitate the scalp in a way that would look most natural. He took a piece of small steel wire and made a barb on it resembling that of a fish-hook; he then took a piece of fine gauze and tacked it on a wig-block, and with his needle, as he afterwards called it, tied a complete knot with a single hair, and the work was done. He tried it on different kinds of fabrics and the result was the same.

The first to introduce it in this country was also a Frenchman, who learned the art of Mons. Guizot. Mr. J. Gray, of Chicago, was probably the next to take it up, and it went like a flash through the Eastern States. At the present time there is an immense quantity of ventilated goods sold, and among the late styles is the Marguerita Wave, which forms the coifure for front as well as back. These waves cost five dollars and upwards. The Invisible or Saratoga friz is worn considerably yet, but may not last very much longer. It is very becoming to many ladies. The Paris styles for the coifure show the hair pretty high yet, but most of them look tasteful.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL HAIR FIRMS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

The hair trade in this country has developed wonderfully, but for two or three years past it has gone back somewhat. Like most other kinds of business it has

reached a solid basis. Although not a great deal of hair is worn at present, what is worn is of the best quality, or the best that can be had; and my opinion is, that within a short period this business will be quite brisk. Many of the firms I visited while in the Eastern cities complained of business, while others stated that it was coming up pretty well.

One of the most prominent firms I found in the city of Boston was that of John Medina, Esq., 426 Washington street. Mr. M. has been in business for many years, and is master of the situation. He is a very energetic man, and through his great anxiety, not only to make money but also to keep up the styles and bring the business to a higher standard, has lost considerable money for a few years past, and also by other enterprises.

Mr. Medina is a Portuguese, by birth, a native of the Island of Gracioza, Azores. He came to this country when quite a boy, and learned the barber's trade of Mr. Andrew Medeiros, in Lawrence, Mass., and at the same time learned the rudiments of the hair business. While yet at his apprenticeship, his next brother, Mr. E. J. Medina, also came to this country, and made his home in Lawrence, and learned the trade also. Mr. J. Medina, having served his time, went into business for himself, and by this time another younger brother arrived from the old sod and sought refuge under the wings of the two older ones; his name is Mr. A. Medina. The three were toiling away happy and contented, but their minds were turned to still another younger brother who they felt ought also to cross the deep, blue sea and seek the good things that America had in store for him. A letter of encouragement and praise of this blessed land was sent to the youngest of the family, and the boy landed safely in the land of the free. We refer to Mr. F. J. Medina, for

many years engaged in business in this city. He, like his three brothers, took up the razor, and with a tact and taste for the business became one of the best workmen of that period. They all remained in the barber business until about 1863, when Mr. John Medina gave it up and opened a hair store. It was not long before the other brothers followed suit, and to-day they all find themselves well to do, respected and honored by all that know them. As business men they have shown themselves to be not wanting in energy and capacity; as moral men they are above reproach. There is one feature about these men which is rather peculiar if not remarkable; neither of them drink any kind of liquor, smoke or chew tobacco, or use any profane language, nor will they allow any person in their employ to use the same. I wish I could say the same of two-thirds of the business men of the country. It gives me pleasure to present such a record as this to my readers. We need many more of this kind of men throughout the country to-day. Mr. F. J. Medina is well known throughout the West, having lived in this city for several years previous to 1874. Medina Brothers form no copartnership whatever; they are all by themselves, and they all have a different system of conducting business, but neither of them will undertake an enterprise without consulting the others.

I learned my trade of Mr. John Medina, commencing in 1859, and served three years. I owe many traits of business that I have made use of to Mr. Medina, as well as some habits that I was led to desist from, that had I retained would have led me to the road of ruin and destruction.

Mr. E. J. Medina is established in Lowell, Mass.; Mr. A. Medina is in Worcester, Mass., and Mr. Frank Medina is in the city of Philadelphia.

Another successful hair firm in the East was that of M. A. Vieira, of Hartford, Conn., lately deceased. Mr. V. commenced business in the above city in 1869 or 70, and was very successful. In December last he opened a store in New York city, and had just commenced when he was taken suddenly very sick and lived but thirty-six hours. He died at his brother-in-law's house, Mr. A. Medina, in Worcester, Mass. Mr. Vieira was a good business man, of rather an amiable disposition, being well liked by all who knew him. Mr. A. Medina has bought the store in Hartford, and is carrying on the business as before.

Another firm of prominence in the city of Boston is that of A. Gilbert, on Washington street. Mr. G. is a Frenchman, and is a first class wig maker. He showed me a wig that he made himself, worth \$100; it is all ventilated and weighs one and a quarter ounces. He wears one himself that weighs half an ounce.

There are other splendid establishments in the city, but I had not the time to visit them.

There are some fine hair stores in New York city, but I could not obtain much information regarding the proprietors, as some pretended to be very busy and others would not pay any attention to my circular whatever.

In the city of Philadelphia Mr. F. J. Medina is the leading hair dealer.

There are some fine hair stores in other leading cities throughout the country.

Paris has some fine hair stores, and also a few other large cities in Europe.

The hair trade has been good until within a few years, as stated before, when it took a decline.

IMPORTATION OF HUMAN HAIR.

Through the kindness of Hon. Edward Young, Chief of

the Statistics Bureau of Washington, D. C., I am able to give a correct account of the hair imported to this country since 1867, with the amount of duties imposed. Below is the statement :

1867.

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| Hair not cleaned..... | \$19,619 86 |
| Duty | 3,923 97 |
| Hair cleaned or drawn..... | 102,609 30 |
| Duty | 30,782 70 |
| Hair manufactured | 35,875 20 |
| Duty | 14,340 08 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$207,161 11 |

1868.

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| Hair not cleaned..... | \$26,577 61 |
| Duty | 5,315 52 |
| Hair cleaned or drawn..... | 182,573 00 |
| Duty | 54,771 90 |
| Hair manufactured..... | 31,448 00 |
| Duty | 12,579 20 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$313,265 23 |

1869.

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| Hair not cleaned..... | \$59,250 00 |
| Duty | 11,850 00 |
| Hair cleaned or drawn..... | 389,434 00 |
| Duty | 116,830 20 |
| Hair manufactured..... | 31,677 00 |
| Duty | 12,670 80 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$621,712 00 |

1870.

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| Hair not cleaned..... | \$118,807 00 |
| Duty | 23,361 40 |
| Hair cleaned or drawn..... | 323,374 31 |
| Duty | 96,112 59 |
| Hair manufactured..... | 40,582 00 |
| Duty | 16,232 80 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$616,359 90 |

1871.

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| Hair not cleaned..... | \$64,634 00 |
| Duty | 26,578 90 |
| Hair cleaned or drawn..... | 143,582 00 |
| Duty | 28,716 40 |
| Hair manufactured..... | 353,105 00 |
| Duty | 105,931 50 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$722,547 80 |

In 1872 the importation increased ten per cent., making the whole amount \$821,349.00. In 1873 it began to decrease, and the whole amount was \$753,252.50. In 1875 the whole amount was \$638,573.30. In 1876 the whole amount was \$622,587.20; making a grand total since 1867 of \$5,326,808.04.

These figures will give a pretty good idea of what the hair business has been in this country for the last ten years, this being only the importation, duties and manufacture, the sales amounting to nearly double the above sum.

MODIFICATION OF STYLES IN AMERICA.

Though the French styles come regularly from Paris, they are not carried out here as they are in France. Our American women take more to comfort and not so much to style, and it is very sensible in them; but these styles are necessary, nevertheless, to keep up the fashions, for we might as well be out of existence as out of style. When young ladies commence to interest themselves in styles—be it of dresses or hair—they think they must commence to powder and paint, and change their appearance and not look like themselves at all, and mothers will often tolerate these nonsensical notions. It leads them to neglect some duties they should perform.

It is not natural for our American women to be lazy, or too proud to work, though physically they are not very

strong, but they possess an active mind and are active in motion. Show me an American woman who has a good common school education, and she is not afraid of going anywhere her duties call her. Her independent manner makes an impression on the foreigner, and he is often made to wonder at her free and independent ways. The natural freedom of the country has considerable to do with it, but the manner in which she is brought up and educated has more to do with it than anything else. Some of our American women are beautiful in form as well as feature, but there are some who seem to know it a little too well, and they become spoiled.

When a young lady with a sweet and beautiful face commences to dress to be attractive on the street, she is taking a very wrong step, and in many cases she will never retract it. Attractiveness in its place is proper, right and just; but to dress in a manner to be admired only by those who will take advantage at a time when they may see fit, is very wrong and unbecoming. How many thousands of our American women are admired? For what? For their intelligent faces; for their sweet dispositions; for their noble actions; for their bright intellects; for their brave and true patriotism. Should a woman not be admired for these magnificent traits? On the other hand and of another class. For a good looking face; for a good looking dress; for a kiss thrown to some one across the street; for some twist of the body when passing another party; for some unnecessary laugh on the street; for some cunning look to some worthless fop; for some snapping answer to her mother at home; for the lack of good manners in company. Young ladies, in moulding your characters let them be fashioned in a pure and unspotted manner. Your mother who so tenderly pressed you to her bosom wishes to see you follow that path where no thorns are to

be found. These thorny paths are very numerous, and if in your tender age you should feel that your steps were misled, consult one who loves you most, and she, as your true guide, will land you in the haven of peace. A mother's responsibility is beyond measure; no one knows the anxiety of a mother for her child. A true mother, what a comfort! Who will fail to appreciate a mother's love! Nay! let those who appreciate a mother's love show their appreciation by obeying her warning and keeping in the paths of righteousness. I can say that

I LOVE THE WOMEN.

Yes, my mother was a woman, and though I had the great misfortune of never having the pleasure to look upon her pleasant countenance, I always felt that I would love her if she was in the land of the living. I love every mother who, with kind words and tender care, brings up her children in the right way. I love every woman who, when positive of the right, truth and justice, stands up to her rights and defines her position. I love every woman who never neglects her household duties, and strives to make her home happy. I love every woman whose sweet disposition and intelligent face glimmer like the rays of the morning sun, and never fails to attract to it intelligence, pure minds and noble characters. Such women are the brightest jewels of this earth, for

When all things else deceive we fly to woman,
Just as when life must fail we look to God.
She is the beautiful of all that's human,
Solace in pain, and joy in happier mood;
The best and truest friend to every true man;
The sweetest gift of Heaven, earth's greatest good.
Take her as girl or maiden, sweetheart, bride,
Or mother, wife or child—she is our joy and pride.

In pain and sorrow, who so true as thou?
And who so quick to soothe our agony,
In the sad hour of sickness, death and woe,
When burning tears are dropping from the eye,
Or chilly sweat is gathering on the brow!
Thy tender hand alone can wipe them dry.
Sweet minister of comfort in distress,
May God and angels thee forever bless.

—From "*Glances at the World.*"

There is one evil that I wish to speak of, which ladies should observe and consider more carefully and thoughtfully, and banish its use as much as they can; my reference is to

POWDER AND PAINT.

If all the evils that have cursed the lives, in myriads of ways, of countless beautiful women and innumerable children, from the use of paints, powders and pastes, could be enumerated, those poisonous articles of the toilet would be seldom found in the dressing-rooms of our wives and daughters in this day of harmless applications for beautifying the complexion. Very few ladies, however, have the slightest conception of the evils growing out of the use of the thousand-and-one paints, powders and pastes offered to the public by unprincipled or ignorant dealers. They are very numerous; often painful, and very often dangerous to the complexion, sight, and even life. Deadly poisons used by unsuspecting persons in their toilet seldom fail to result in evil. Persons have been known to lose their sight by one application of a toilet paint; thus, while attempting to appear beautiful in the eyes of others, they were themselves robbed of the pleasure of looking upon the beautiful.

Numerous skin eruptions are traceable to the toilet—diseases that blur and deaden all original traces of beauty, often resulting in life-long and loathsome eruptions. It is not only wrong, but a useless risk, for ladies to use any-

thing in the way of paint, powder or paste in making their toilet that contains these deadly ingredients ; the serpent that stings the beauty of many naturally very beautiful women often hides in a highly-ornamented bottle containing a dainty-colored lotion, or is secreted in a gold-banded box containing an odoriferous powder or paste.

Poudre D'Aris, or rice powder, is a harmless French preparation, and can be obtained at all first-class drug-stores. This powder is in pretty general use among the barbers, and should be the only powder used in a lady's toilet. It can be had in colors, and is free from poison.

LADIES BATHING.

There are many ladies who like to bathe in cold water ; to these especially I would suggest that when they enter the bath-room they should sit a few moments, after which they should undress slowly. After the clothing is all removed they should rest from five to ten minutes, and then enter the bath. Soft water is much more preferable, and should always be used whenever it can be had. In rubbing the skin it is better to rub it crosswise, and if a brush is used it should not be too stiff, so as to irritate the skin ; for should the skin become irritated, and the blood should happen to be out of order, the skin may become festered in consequence. After bathing, and the body is dried, an application of bay-rum will prevent the cold from taking effect on the skin. In applying the solution rub always downward.

I regret somewhat to state that the women of this country do not bathe half as much at least as they should. We may trace back to many centuries, and will find that bathing has always been not only one of the best luxuries which kings, princes, and the many ancient nobles indulged in,

but also considered the most essential practice for health and vigor. Every household should have a bath-room, but should it be impossible for many to have them, those who do not should by all means go where they can obtain a good bath, especially when it can be obtained for so small a sum.

STYLES OF DRESSING.

When in New York City I went to see and obtain some information from Madame Demorest, the great leader of fashions in this country. It was in the afternoon, and the grand opening day, and when I reached the establishment there was no possible chance for me to enter, it being crowded by ladies of fashion, some of whom were beautiful-looking specimens of our American ladies—not only beautiful in face but also in form. I made no attempt to enter, but went into the corset department and was shown some nice corsets of Madame Demorest's own make, which deserve a mention. A good corset is indispensable. Madame D. manufactures a corset which I can not name, but would call it the Common-sense Corset. In buying corsets ladies should be particular not only to get the best but also the right size—not only the right size around the waist, but the right length; if a long-waisted lady she should get a long-waisted corset, and *vice versa*. Ladies are not careful enough in this, and what is the consequence? When they go to the dress maker's to get measured for a dress, they have sometimes a too long-waisted corset on, and if the dress-maker does not take particular notice she will take the wrong measure and bring the breast too high or too low; this happens frequently. A little more caution in buying or selecting your corsets will prevent a great deal of trouble in the fitting of your dresses.

LONG DRESSES.

While in New York City I saw but few street-sweepers, as I term them, but saw several ladies with tied-backs, and really pitied the poor creatures; they could not walk comfortably, and when they attempted to get on the street-car, it was only by the utmost exertion that they succeeded in reaching the platform. Comfort is the main pleasure of this life, therefore let us be as comfortable as we can, for it is only for a few days.

FITTING UP HAIR STORES.

There are some elegant establishments of this kind in this country and Europe, but they are all fitted up on the same principle and sameness.

I have a novel idea of my own that will do away with a great deal of timber in the way of heavy counters and shelving on the sides of the room. I propose to do away with these and substitute something that will look a hundred per cent. better and be more convenient. I also propose to introduce a different and novel way of fitting up barber shops, which will be a great improvement over the present mode. I can not at this time give these useful ideas, but will in a paper that I anticipate publishing soon, entitled, "*The Tonsorial Art Pamphlet Bulletin*," to be published monthly, devoted to the tonsorial art and advertising.

Knowledge and energy should go hand in hand; twelve ounces of the former to three of the latter will suffice for all purposes.

The development of mind is the world's progress; see to it and lose no time.

NATURE IN HER BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

As our days are numbered and we are soon to depart from this life, let us reflect once more on mother nature. How brilliantly the beautiful sun descends in all its glory and magnitude, and reflects on the subjects of this earth! How mellow and sweet is the beautiful moon, descending in all her splendor and giving light in the shades of night, reflecting on God's footstool and illumining the pathway of darkness! How sparkling the beautiful stars, shooting as it were towards this world of ours, resembling the sparkling eye of a father or mother when they feel proud of a dutiful son or daughter!

How sweet to scent the breezes of the morn,
And hear the twittering birds and purling brook;
To tread the meadows when the flowers adorn
The fruitful grass, or pause in some sweet nook,
Beneath the low'ring oak or flowery thorn;
To ponder nature's universal book,
And watch the conquering sun march o'er the world,
With blazing banners to the sky unfurled.

How sweet is music o'er the waters stealing,
When the hushed winds and sobbing waves are sleeping;
How rich the blended harmony while pealing
Its anthems to the sky, that has been weeping
Away the clouds, until the moon revealing
Her soft billow seems o'er the surface creeping,
And the reflected stars and azure sky
Like a new heaven beneath the crystal lie!

Behold the forest waving o'er the plain,
And piling rocks that build the mountain steep;
Behold the peaks that gathering clouds sustain,
High o'er the valley where the torrents sweep;

Behold the billows rolling o'er the main,
 Stirring its waters to their deepest deep;
How grand is nature on this little clod,
While worlds on worlds fly round the seat of God.

The lambs are playing o'er the verdant mead,
 The flowers in all their loveliness are dres't;
The fawns are leaping where their mothers lead,
 And callow birds are chirping in the nest.
Sweet to all living things are light and shade,
 And sweet is darkness when they seek their rest;
The day comes forth, away the night must flee—
The night returns and wins again the lea.

Hark! through the vale the moaning night winds sigh,
 Now the autumnal leaves begin to fall;
The tinkling bell, the herd's soft lowing cry
 Answer the faithful, anxious call;
The mountain rears its rocky crest on high,
 And casts its shadow o'er the darkness vale,
The forest trees now blend in deep'ning gloom
And warn the adventurous hunter of her doom.

It is the hour when twilight steals apace
 Across the distant landscape, while the rays
Of the retiring sun still find a place
 Upon the tinted sky, and win our gaze,
Just as the full-orbed moon begins her race,
 And stars come forth with ineffectual blaze.
It is the hour when dreams steal o'er the soul,
And the strong brain no more asserts control!

The sun is set, night draws her curtains o'er
 The fading landscape, and the dim, deep sky
Falls low around us; now the busy roar
 Of industry is hushed; the breezes sigh

Among the trees; the robin sings no more,
And noisy insects in soft slumber lie.
Repose and silence o'er the senses creep,
And weary nature soon will sink to sleep!

When we go forth, behold how many things
We see in fields and woods, in air and sky;
The beasts on foot, the birds upon their wings,
Insects and all that creep, or walk or fly;
Whatever loves, caresses, hates or stings—
All things which 'neath the sky's wide reach lie,
And all awake the mind or touch the heart,
For all are one of which we are a part!

All parts of the creation are in motion,
And yet the universe remains at rest;
The countless streams are flowing to the ocean,
The ocean fills the vapour's snowy breast;
And all the planets with a true devotion
Roll round the sun at Deity's behest.
Systems on systems guarded by his hand,
So nearly balanced must forever stand!

See the broad river to the ocean sweep;
Watch its deep current as it wanders by;
Go trace its floods to where the fountains leap,
Or where in sweet repose the lakelets lie.
Then gaze upon the clouds with misty drip,
That brings its moisture from a distant sky,
And learn as there the waters come and go,
That blessings from above will forever flow.

And I have roamed in forests wild and grand,
Wherein the foliage shut away the skies,
Ere yet the monarch 'neath the woodman's hand
Had fallen prostrate, as the hero dies.

Ah! men fell the trees and reap the land,
But God alone can bid the forests rise;
And once destroyed by man's advancing power,
Alas! we gaze upon the scene no more!

The clouds are floating around the mountain's brow—
Against the rocks like ocean waves they dash—
Like billows beating 'gainst the vessel's prow,
Which still sails on all heedless of their lash.
The tempest roars, the trees are bending low,
And lightning cuts the sky with piercing flash.
The heavens are glittering in the fitful glow
Which leaves the vale all desolate below!

For every kiss the mountain gives the sky,
The sun sends back a thousand thousand-fold
To valley, plain, lake, ocean, stream and sea,
Wherein the water sleeps or wave is rolled;
Kissing the flower as well as towering tree,
Blessing each blade of grass that cheers the mould,
For poor return so Heaven's rich blessings fall
Like the bright sunlight to the earth on all!

How sweet to ramble where the buds are springing,
Beholding nature in her robes so fair;
And where the blossoms are their fragrance flinging
Abroad upon the bland and balmy air;
Where birds upon the bending boughs are singing,
Warbling their little loves, their joy and care;
The mountains seem to rise and skies to bend
Until the green and blue together blend!

The flowers are but the blossoms of love,
Which to the mountain and the vale are given
To strew with sweets the garden, field and grove;
They even cling to rocks, though tempest-riven,

And ope their beauties to the skies above,
Inspiring man with faith and hope in Heaven.
Although each one may blossom but a day,
They will return till earth shall pass away.

The rose has parted with its sweetest red ;
All blushless now it hangs upon the stem ;
The gathering dew upon its drooping head,
Glistens like jewels in a diadem ;
And Hesperus her numerous train has led
Far to the west ; the skies now seem
Glowing with sapphire ; still the heavens are bright,
Though day withdraws and leaves the world to night.

The morn returns, we labor on till night ;
The evening comes, then gone another day ;
A week swift as a bird soon takes its flight,
And quickly then a month has passed away.
Month follows month—be fortune dull or bright—
Nor hope, nor fear, nor wish can time delay ;
A year has soon swept onward o'er the sky,
And then three-score and ten, and then—we die.

—From "*Glances at the World.*"

I feel to pay a tribute to the above selection from that mind which, being endowed with wonderful power, has presented to the world such wonderful productions as are found in his book published by himself. I refer to "*Glances at the World,*" by Judge Horace P. Biddle. No library is complete without this beautiful and rare book.

Never go to see the poor and sick empty-handed ; to relieve the distressed is one of God's commands.

Money makes money, but a good character makes a man.

THE CLOCK OF TIME.

On your mantel-piece there is a clock ; it is an eight-day clock, and if it is in good order will run correctly as long as you keep it wound up. You very often watch that clock. Is it a clock ? Yes, it is a clock ; it ticks, it runs, it strikes, it shows the hours of the day. Yes, it is a clock, that is a positive fact. Well, if it is a positive fact, there is no use to argue the case ; but let us just for a moment look at that clock and examine it. Should you not wind that clock would it not stop ? Yes, certainly it would. Well, then, what is the good of a clock that don't run and give the time ? No good at all. Do we expect anything from it ? No.

My young reader, we don't have a clock, but we have a feeble reflection of one—it is very feeble indeed. The clock of time never stops ; it runs without winding ; it brings light and darkness ; yea, we expect good tidings from it, and it does bring many blessings that crown us often with glory. What a blessed clock !

My young reader, this may be a new thought to you ; to set you thinking is my aim. What you are is not what you might have been. Look ahead of you, and don't stop with old foggy ideas in your head, but whatever you do do it liberally and firmly. The great clock of time has something in store for you, and if you seek it you will undoubtedly find it. Never waste your leisure moments ; make good use of every moment, and watch and see if the clock of time does not bring you a good record.

Every ugly face you make is a character of your disposition ; ugly faces are not appreciated.

Education is the light of the world ; Christ brought it.

A RECIPE WORTH A QUARTER.

For fear that some who may read this little book will not feel satisfied with the price they paid for it, like the obliging auctioneer I will throw in one more for the same price. I did not intend to give any recipes whatever, but wishing to please the ladies and keep them in good humor, I got a recipe for a lemon pie that, when you eat a piece of it you will smack your lips louder than you ever did before in your life.

This recipe requires one lemon, one cup of sugar, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of water, and two ounces of butter. First take your lemon and grate the rind in a deep plate or dish, then cut open the lemon and press out all the juice on the grated rind; be careful to take out all the seeds, for if left in they will make the pie bitter. Chop the rest of the lemon very fine and add to the above. Cream the eggs and sugar together, and add to the rest, stirring them well. Line your pie-plate with rich crust, pour in the mixture, and then take the butter and cut it up in small pieces and put them over the top of the pie; then cover the pie with a top crust. Oh my! "Never mind about sending me a piece!"

SHORT BUT POINTED.

Beware of a hypocrite, he will drink your life-blood.

Patience is one of the great virtues—it teaches humbleness.

If a couple can't get along, they had better make it short.

Religion and science should go hand in hand, but they are a foot apart.

If you can't do any good, don't trouble yourself about doing anything else.

THE BARBER BOY'S BRIDE.

The sun was sinking behind the mountain peaks—the summer twilight was casting its hallowed, silent-creeping shadows from the apex of “Mountain King” down to his stony footed base, against whose flint-soled sandals a wild and merry dashing stream murmured the legendary tales of centuries dead.

A little valley spread out before the eyes of a bright-eyed, fair-haired boy, as he came wearily down the mountain road with a bundle strapped to his back and his hat in his hand.

“This must be a fairy land,” he whispered to himself as he paused and looked across the beautiful landscape; “’tis so very calm and quiet here, and all seems wrapped in such a holy shadow.”

The boy was weary, and sitting down he leaned his head against the cold rock at his side and fell asleep. How long he slept he could not tell—not long, however, for it was not yet dark—when a slight scream aroused him. Springing to his feet, he beheld, hard by, a golden-haired maiden, standing with clasped hands looking at him. Her long hair, looking like threads of gold, was tossed hither and thither by the dancing zephyrs.

“Heavens! how frightened I am!” she said to the boy, as, smiling, he bowed to her.

“What has frightened you?” asked the boy.

“Coming so suddenly upon you!” said the girl, blushing.

“Pray, let your fright take flight, little maiden; it’s only me, Dan Daniels, the barber boy, who never wronged even so much as a little bird.”

“I don’t think you would wrong anything,” she said; “I like the way you talk and look at me.”

"So do I like the way you talk and look at *me*!" said Dan, "and if you don't care I'll ask you something."

"You may ask me anything," said the girl, throwing a glance across the valley.

"Then," began Dan, "I would like to ask if you are a real girl or a fairy?"

"A what?" demanded the girl.

"A fairy!" answered Dan.

"What is a fairy?" asked the girl in astonishment.

"Why, an angel, or some such innocent being, who has the power to do much good and no desire to do a wrong."

The girl looked down, aside, and then across the little valley again, and in an undertone said, "I wonder if I am a fairy? I'll take him home with me, and tell grandpa what strange things he has said to me." Turning to Dan she said, "Come, go with me across the vale; my grandpa, crippled, sits and waits for me. Come quick, the shades of night are gathering fast about."

She took him by the hand, nor did the boy refuse, but watched—as onward to the cot they walked—the strange wild beauty at his side. Soon they arrived, and Rose now spoke:

"Grandpa, I found this boy asleep down at the mountain's base, where the path runs hard by the silver brook."

Grandpa looked over his spectacles at Dan, who still stood holding the pretty hand of the girl in his own, and said:

"Come here, my darlings, for, Rose, if you found the boy he belongs to me, for you are mine, and what is yours is mine, you know." Then hitching his crippled leg a little to one side, said: "What have you got in your pack, my lad?"

"My kit of tools," said Dan.

"Kit of tools! What kind of tools, boy?"

"Barbers' tools, good sir."

"Barbers' tools! Barbers' tools! Are you a barber?"

"I am, sir," said Dan; and the truth is Dan was a very good barber, though he was a boy.

"Can you shave me, my lad, without cutting my throat?"

"Oh yes, sir, I can shave you and cut your hair too," said Dan.

"Can you though?" said the old man very much pleased.

"Well then on the morrow you shall certainly try it, and if you do it well I'll make you joint heir with Rosebud, zounds if I don't."

And so it finally turned out on the morrow Dan prepared his razor and shaved old Mr. Aldwell, who was so much pleased that he refused to allow Dan to seek his fortune elsewhere, but kept him and Rosebud employed on the valley homestead until death said to Grandpa, "I am coming for you soon."

Mr. Aldwell believed it, and one evening just as the shades of night were settling around the cottage, he called the children in and told them he should soon leave them, but he wanted them to be good to each other, and he asked Dan to take Rosebud for his little wife and live always in the cottage, so that they might visit his grave and sing to the willows hard by.

The next day an attorney was brought from the village and Mr. Aldwell made his will, and when it went to probate, Dan Daniels, the barber boy, was found to be a joint heir with Rosebud Aldwell, his grand children—Dan grandson by marriage.

Years have rolled away and the barber boy and his bride, now old and gray, with plenty around them, are descending the steep decline of life, happy in old age as when in boy and girlhood, still living in the valley cottage erected more than a century ago.

THE MOTHER OF SAMSON.

Samson was the greatest prodigy of human strength ever born, and the name of his mother is not given ; and yet her character is set forth clearly in the sacred history. She was the wife of Manoah, a great and good man in Israel, who is supposed to have occupied a high position in the country, and to have had a strong hold upon the feelings of the people of Israel.

This woman is said to have been celebrated for her beauty as well as her moral excellence and her devotion to the service of God. She was visited by an angel of the Lord and informed that she should be the mother of a son who should be a Nazārite unto God from his birth, and should deliver Israel from the hands and power of the Philistines. She was alone when the angel of the Lord appeared unto her, and though a timid woman and alone, she was not alarmed in the presence of the strangely glorious visitant. The angel gave her his message, viz: that she should bear a son. She hurriedly went in search of her husband, and told him of the appearance of the angel, and his message. He listened to her with astonishment, and expressed a desire for the reappearance of the angel. It was not long until the angel appeared to her again. She ran hastily to where her husband was, and informed him, and the two came at once into his presence. The good man asked a repetition of the instructions given to the angel, and it was accordingly repeated in his presence. He then desired the angel to remain and partake of a repast with them ; but in the stead thereof the angel agreed to stay and witness their devotions, while they offered a sacrifice. Here in the history a sublime scene bursts upon their view. The angel touched the rock upon which they offered their sacrifice, and fire came out of it and consumed it, and

the angel entered the flame and ascended up from them. Manoah was alarmed, and turning to his wife he said, "We shall surely die because we have seen God." Here the excellence of Samson's mother appears again. She is calm as a summer evening, for she had a sense of the divine approval, and she said to her husband, "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, He would not have received an offering at our hands; fire would not have come from the rock and consumed our sacrifice, neither would the Lord have told us such things as He has revealed." As though she had said, How can we fear when God has manifested His love in answering our prayers, and giving us the promise of a son, with instructions as to his training. She said, "Surely if God had determined not to extend mercy to thee, He would not have dealt thus kindly." This was excellent reasoning, and no wonder if his fears were at once relieved.

Samson's mother followed faithfully the instructions of the angel in her treatment of him in his early life. She lived to see him form his first unhappy marriage, for in company with her husband she procured the woman for a wife for her son.

What we admire especially in the character of this woman is her trust in God; her reliance upon the divine promises made to her under such extraordinary circumstances. She seems never to have doubted the truth of the revelation made to her. And then she evidenced that faith by following out the directions given her as to her son. She preserved him from the slightest touch of wine or of strong drink, and kept him, so long as she had control of him, a Nazarite. She may well be imitated by ladies in that regard. "Trust in God" is needed constantly in the relations of life, and in none of them more than in the relation of mother.

IRRITATION OF THE SKIN, OR THE SO-CALLED BARBER'S ITCH.

If some of our doctors would take a little more pains to explain what causes irritation of the skin, they would not be so apt to give a wrong idea or present the wrong impression to those who do not comprehend many things that come under their observation. The barber's itch, as the doctors call it, is caused by shaving too close, and thus irritating the skin. The face of a person who shaves constantly is very porous, and when it is shaved too close it becomes irritated and breaks out in pimples. If the blood should be out of order, and the face kept irritated all the time, a pretty sore face may terminate. I remember when learning my trade of shaving a customer who had a tender face, and never would have a close shave. One Saturday evening he asked me to shave him close, wishing to have a good smooth face next day. I told him that it might make his face sore, but he said he would risk it. I did as directed, and the consequence was a sore face. He came on the following Monday and blowed me sky-high, and said that I gave him the barber's itch. I told him if that was the case I would cure it for him if he would comply with my directions. I told him not to shave his face at all and come to me on the following Saturday. He did so, and his face was all right; but had he irritated the skin any more he would have had a sore face, and if he had gone to a doctor about it he would have called it barber's itch. If a doctor gives a prescription to a person, and the ingredients in the preparation should be of such character as to drive the blood to the surface of the skin and make it terribly itchy, would it not be proper to call it doctor's itch? Did not he cause the itching? It must work both ways. Change the term if you please, and don't give any wrong impression; it is absurd.

THE BENEFICIAL INSTITUTIONS OF OUR COUNTRY.

Having already alluded to our educational institutions, namely, schools, I wish to say a word in regard to other institutions that we as a people can not for a moment dispense with. One of the most important of these is

THE PRESS.

Though some people have a great deal of fault to find with many newspapers, and willfully curse the press, some of those very individuals, if they could not obtain their morning paper regularly, would be the first to murmur. The press is your daily guide in your business—praise it, and don't curse it. There are men in editorial chairs who ought not to be there, but there are black sheep in every flock.

THE TELEGRAPH.

What a blessing this great invention has been! What power there is in the electric fluid! It surpasses steam, and will eventually take its place. Yes, my readers, fifty years hence electricity will be used quite differently from what it is to-day; and the time is coming when mental telegraphy will take the place of the present system.

Although telegraphing is quite common at this time, there is a class who have not the right idea of its workings. I will give you an incident that happened in a Western city of an Irish lady who wanted to send a letter by telegraph to her daughter in Ireland. It being a wet morning she armed herself with a rather dilapidated umbrella and started for the telegraph office. On entering she asked for the man who sent letters by telegraph. The operator told her he was the man. She asked how much it would cost to send the letter. He said he would have to open the letter and see how much there was to send; and here

the trouble commenced. "And do ye think I'm goin' to open the letther and show my sacrets? How foine ye are!" "But," said the operator, "I have to send the message—I can't send a sealed letter." Here the old lady began to give it to the operator in Irish as fast as she could speak it. This attracted the attention of another operator in the next room, and when he made his appearance the old lady's voice was very near to the highest pitch. They could not control themselves, and commenced laughing as loud as they could. Here the old lady got so enraged that she grasped the umbrella and undertook to salute the operators with it, but being out of her reach she missed them. At this they laughed at the top of their voices, which so enraged her that she grasped the old umbrella and was going to bring it down on the end of the counter, but in the attempt she missed it, and the umbrella came down with such force that she lost her balance and turned a complete somerset. This was entirely too much for the lightning-pounders, and they lay right down on the carpet and rolled. She was on her feet in a moment, and grabbing the umbrella, which had slipped from her hands, attempted to jump over the counter, all this time offering some Irish prayer as fast as her tongue could move. In the last attempt to jump the counter her dress caught by some means and down she went again, making a terrible racket, and jarring everything in the room. When she got up her rage was such that she could hardly speak; she made a few motions at the exhausted operators with the umbrella and went out of the door muttering something about police. The operators got up in a few minutes, holding their sides, and not fit for duty for two or three hours afterward. They heard no more from Mrs. Malloney.

Our telegraph system is getting to be very complete, and is one of the greatest blessings in this land of ours.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

The fundamental principle of all that is good, pure and just is derived from the Supreme Power that governs the universe. To that power we must humble ourselves and submit to its direct laws. What is the direct law of the Supreme Power? The ten commandments. It is the best and only law that we have now, or that we will ever have. Smart men may work and twist; they may get up theories of their own, or nearly exhaust their powers to change that law, but it will be fruitless; it never can nor ever will be changed—it is a law of nature or of God, and it will stand forever. Science and theology should go hand in hand, as stated once before, but they are too far apart, which should not be. There is no doubt that Huxley, and Tyndall, and Spencer, and Haeckel think, or have thought, that they have reached the highest pinnacle of science that can be attained. On the other hand, there is no doubt that Mr. Johnson, Mr. Beecher, Mr. Lair, and other celebrated theologians think, or have at some time thought, that they have reached the highest pinnacle of God's teachings. Poor, insignificant beings!

All these men whom I have named I feel like comparing with the little school-boy who had just learned the alphabet, and went home and told his father that he could read. His father said to him, "My son, you can't read yet; you only know the letters by which you are to learn to read." In calling them poor, insignificant beings, I do not for one moment mean to be disrespectful to their honor and knowledge, God forbid! But in comparing them with that clock of time, previously referred to, that in its great storehouse of knowledge full of wonders that the world never dreamed of is to bring forth in due time, it does clearly demonstrate

to me our insignificant power and knowledge to compare with the Supreme Power.

Let us accept all that is good, pure and beneficial to mankind ; let us work hand in hand, and promote the happiness and comfort of those around us ; and let us feel that though we are intelligent and possessed of some knowledge and human Power, we are merely the agents of the Supreme power that works through us.

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To the Fraternity and Public at Large.

Having, through a careful examination, found the following firms, advertised in the TONSORIAL ART PAMPHLET, to be reliable, and having a full and complete supply of whatever they advertise, I recommend them to all those who may hereafter wish anything in their line.

Hoping that your patronage to the said firms may be a liberal one,

I remain, very respectfully, yours,

M. J. VIEIRA.

Highest Premium for excellence, awarded at Philadelphia by the Centennial Commission, 1876, to

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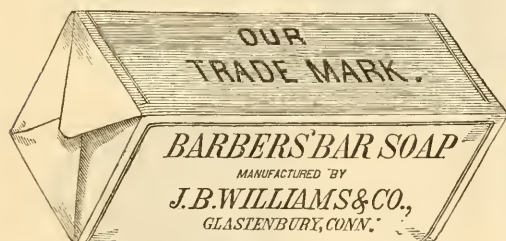
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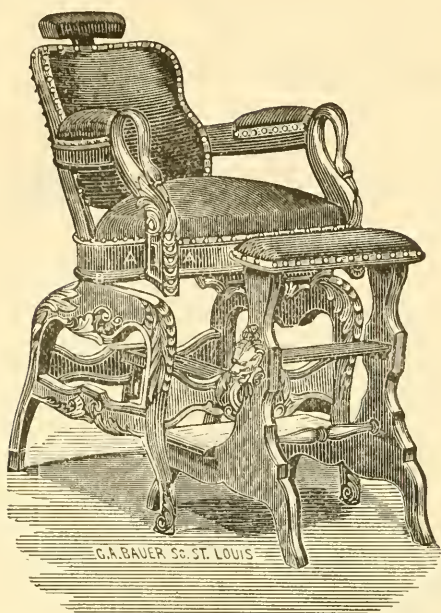
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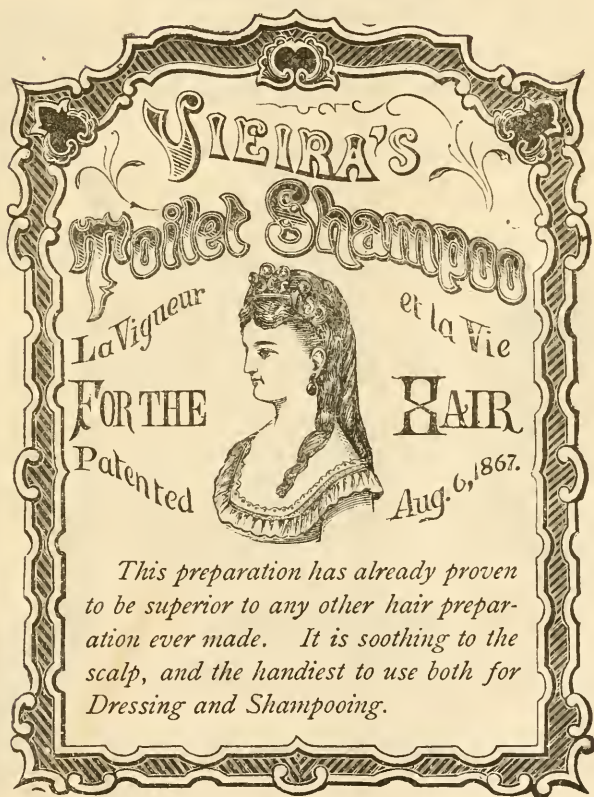
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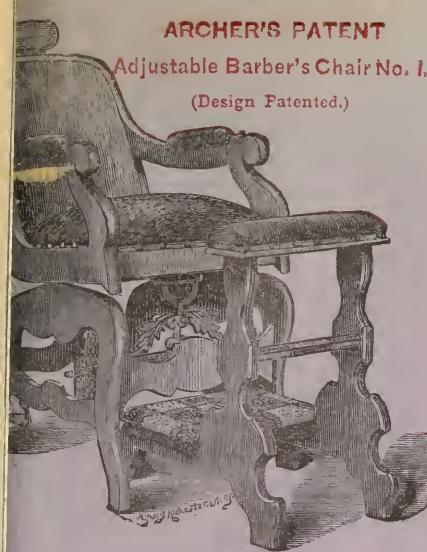
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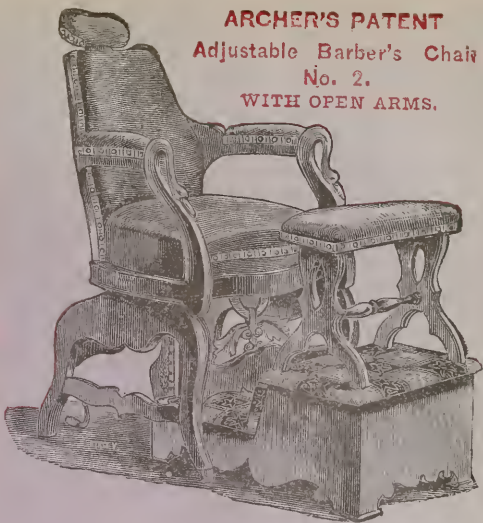


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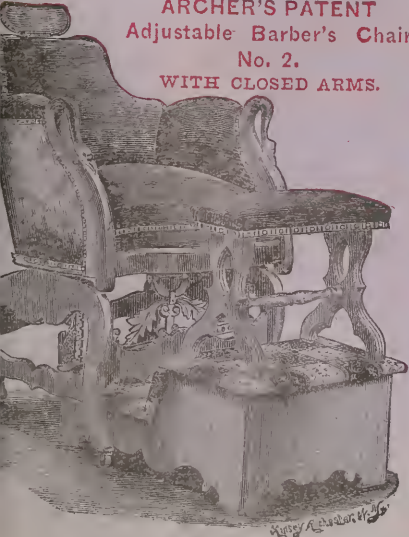
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